

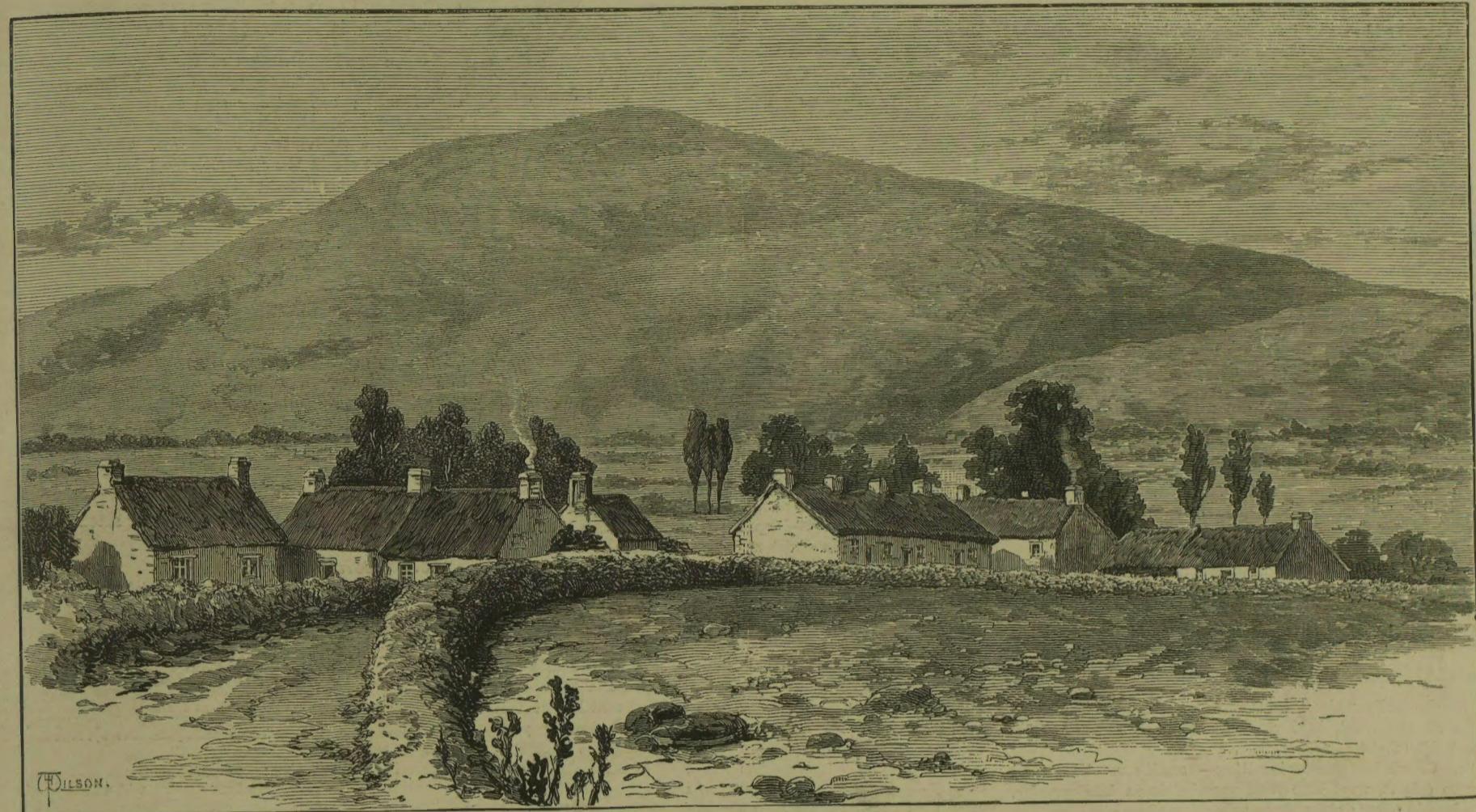
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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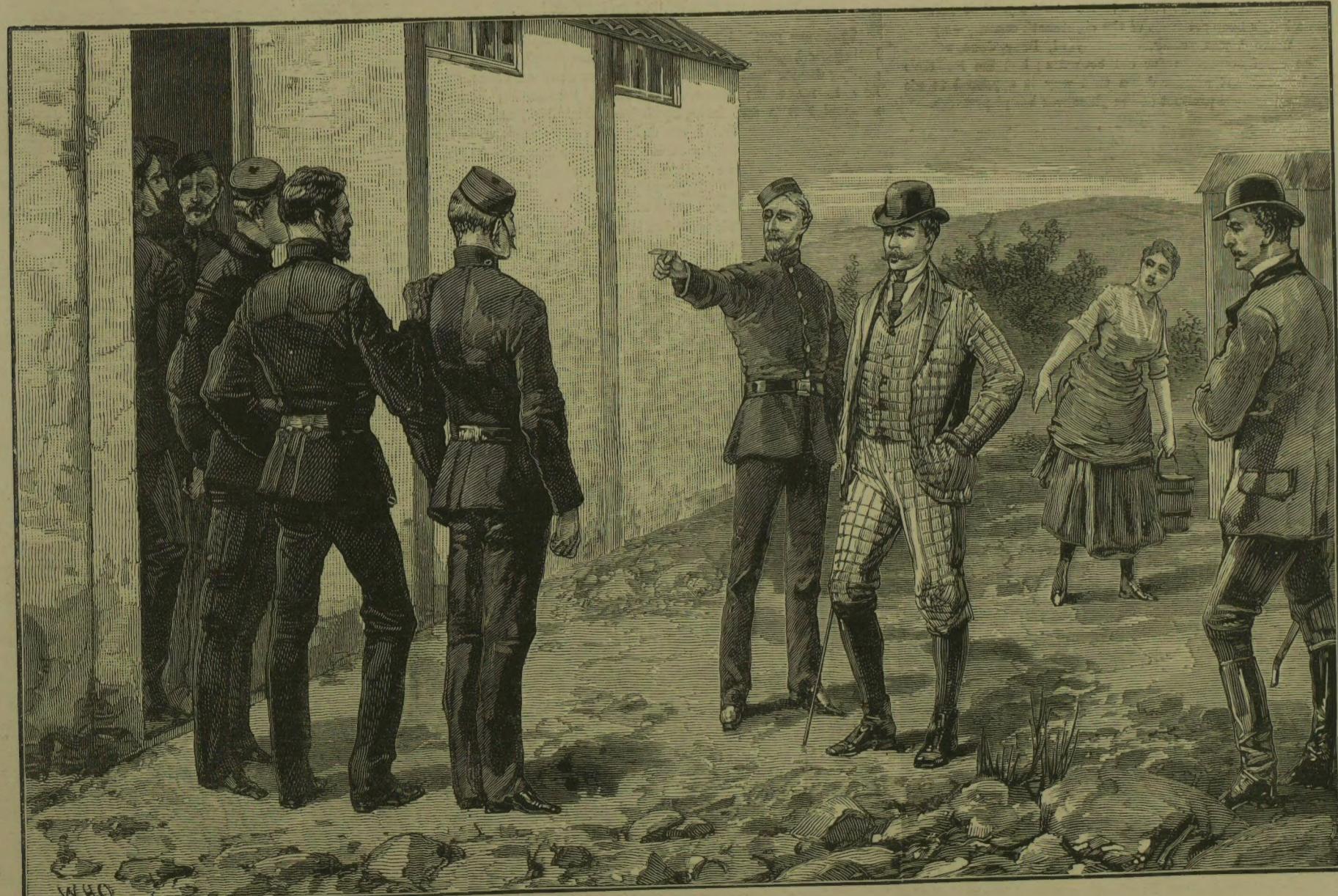
No. 2480.—VOL. LXXXIX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



FIRIES, KERRY, THE CENTRE OF THE "MOONLIGHTERS'" DISTRICT.



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER VISITING A "PROTECTION" HUT.

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER IN IRELAND.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

"If in doubt, take a drink" was the immoral aphorism of the American amateur of early cocktails. It is wiser, and less detrimental to the cause of temperance, to say—"If in doubt where to go when you have a Saturday to yourself, and the weather in London is murky and miry, go to Brighton." I took a holiday last Saturday, and went down to London-super-Mare by the 11.40 a.m. train from Victoria. The up-train at 8.38 p.m. is a desperately slow coach, not reaching town until nearly 11.0 p.m.

Good Doctor Brighton a mighty magician is :
See him at once, however bad you may be.
Take his advice—there no better physician is—
Nought is his physic save sunshine and sea.

So sings a certain "Lazy Minstrel," concerning whom I shall have something to say, later on. So I journeyed to consult Doctor Brighton, otherwise the Queen of Watering-Places, and found there plenty of sunshine, and plenty of sea—the latter in a delightfully calm condition; still I own that it was not without some slight misgivings that I turned the corner of West-street and surveyed the King's-road. Remembering the late alarming accounts of the damage done by the recent gale and high tides, I expected to gaze on nothing but havoc and desolation.

I was agreeably disappointed. The mischief which has been done by the recent *bourrasse* is being rapidly repaired; and Brighton beach will soon be itself again. I spent a most enjoyable day. Matinée at the Theatre Royal—Mrs. Nye Chart provides her patrons with these agreeable entertainments every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday—an oyster patty at Mutton's; a cigar at the Grand Hotel; a peep at the Electric Railway, which was badly hit by the storm, but which has been set to rights again; a long, long drive from Cliftonville to Blackrock and back to the Old Steine along the London road to the beautiful Preston New Park; five o'clock tea at the Old Ship; ante-prandial cigar at the Orleans Club; dinner at Relchert's Restaurant, hard by Brill's Baths; a final stroll on the King's-road. Bought a "curio" at Messrs. Lewis's. Back to town by 8.38 p.m., and slept all the way. Thanks, Doctor Brighton; to whom, by-the-way, I paid no fee; for I had a friend with me, and he "stood treat" for everything.

"Chill October" has come at last, to pierce us to the marrow of our bones, and to make at least one globe-trotter sigh for George-street, Sydney, in December, Ceylon in February, and the Maidan at Calcutta in March. I am the chilliest of mortals; and cold, to me, is physical pain. Still, "Chill October" has its compensations; and chief among them, to me, is the circumstance that, about the third week of the chilly month in question, the publishers begin to put forth the "nice" books.

Emphatically "nice," in the nicest—the old-fashioned—sense of the word, is Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry's "The Lazy Minstrel" (T. Fisher Unwin). Altogether, a delicate little tome. Convenient size for handling—"small seven," I should like to call it, were that term permissible in bibliography. Hand-made paper; clear, sharp type; top edges gilt—just the kind of book to bind choicely. In what? Tree calf, morocco, "cat's paw" calf, Spanish—I call that the "Castille soap" style of binding—white vellum? No; half a yard of brocade from a lady's hoop petticoat of the eighteenth century—second half. When I was young, Vinegar-yard, Drury-lane, used to be the chief emporium for old brocades; but the last time that I was able to wander down that way it appeared to me that the principal product of the place was baked potatoes.

The pleasant pages of Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry's graceful and, on occasion, tender *vers de société* remind me of a very droll anecdote related in Lockhart's "Life of Scott," of another minstrel—not a lazy, but a prodigiously industrious one—Sir Walter himself, to boot. When the author of "Waverley" was in Paris, in 1815, writing home "Paul's Letters to His Kinsfolk," he made the acquaintance, under sufficiently amusing circumstances, of the famous chieftain of the Cossacks, the Hetman Platoff.

It was at the same dinner (at Lord Cathcart's) that he first met Platoff, who seemed to take a great fancy to him; "though," adds my friend, "I really don't think they had any common language to converse in. Next day, however, when Pringle and Scott were walking together in the Rue de la Paix, the Hetman, happened to come up, cantering with some of his Cossacks; as soon as he saw Scott, he jumped off his horse, leaving it to the Pulk, and running up to him, kissed him on both cheeks with extraordinary demonstrations of affection; and then made him understand, through an aide-de-camp, that he wished him to join his staff at the next great review, when he would take care to mount him on the gentlest of his Ukraine horses. This is good; but my mother, who spent her honeymoon in Paris in 1815, and whose memory was a treasure-house of anecdote touching notable people in the early years of the present century, had another and more humorous version of the Scott-Platoff story. She was wont to relate that the Hetman, who smelt very loudly of brandy and tallow candles—his favourite refreshments—when he embraced Sir Walter, asked him to dinner, to meet Wellington, Blücher, Metternich, Castlereagh, Pozzo di Borgo, Fouché, Lord William Lennox, and Mr. Quintin Dick. At the conclusion of the dessert the host bade Scott (through an aide-de-camp) produce his harp and sing for the amusement of the company. The astonished novelist replied that he had no harp, and that he was not in the habit of singing after dinner. "No harp? Not sing?" cried the Hetman Platoff, in a rage. "Take him down to the courtyard, and give him forty blows with a stick. Is he not the Last Minstrel? Does he not sing a Lay? He shall sing, or I will know the reason why." Lord Castlereagh (through the aide-de-camp) had to explain, and pacify the irate Hetman.

About the supposititious children of Napoleon the Great, and especially the black or mulatto Buonaparte (born in Egypt), of whom, some weeks ago, I vaguely spoke, because I had only a vague remembrance of the evidence concerning him. A correspondent at Albany, New York, U.S.A., informs me that in 1833 an article, entitled "Black Napoleon," appeared in a periodical called "The Museum," published at Boston, Massachusetts. The paper purported to be a translation or adaptation of a

contribution to a French work, entitled "The Book of the Hundred and One."

My correspondent adds that he has often, and unsuccessfully, tried to find this "Book of the Hundred and One"; and he asks me whether I know anything about it. I am happy to reply that I do. The "Livre des Cent et Un"—so called from the number of its contributors—was a joint-stock enterprise of kind-heartedness got up by a band of the most distinguished men of letters in France for the benefit of the widow of M. Ladvocat, an eminent and much-respected Parisian bookseller who had died in reduced circumstances. It was published soon after the Revolution of July, 1830, and was commercially, I believe, a brilliant success.

Mem. : I had the "Cent et Un" twenty years ago; but, to my great sorrow, the "Hundred and One," together with the now rare and valuable "Dictionnaire des Girouettes," the still scarcer "Nain Jaune," the "Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin," and many other delightful books, were all sold while I was away at the wars—in Spain or Italy, I think. I have now only a very dim recollection of the "Cent et Un"; but I fancy that among the contributors were Charles Nodier, George Sand, Mézy, Barthélémy, Balzac, Jules Janin, and Philharète Chasles.

Mem. II.: An analogous work of literary charity was essayed about 1841-2 by Charles Dickens and a group of his friends, for the succour of the widow and children of John Macrone, a spirited young Manxman who had started as a publisher in St. James's-square, and who died before Fortune came. Macrone, I believe, had been the publisher of the original edition of "Sketches by Boz." A cantankerous person, formerly connected with typography, at Adelaide, South Australia, took occasion to deny what I then stated publicly about Macrone and the "Sketches by Boz"; and I should be glad if some verifier of bibliographic facts could set me right in the matter.

Mem. III.: Dickens's enterprise bore the name of "The Picnic Papers," three volumes, I think—George Cruikshank and Hablot-Browne among the illustrators. I never had the book. I only used to peer at the opened pages of the volumes as I saw them displayed in the shop window of a bookseller in Berkeley-square, who about the same time used to exhibit a grand comic panorama—large heads and Liliputian bodies—of the procession at the christening of the Prince of Wales. The artist of the panorama was Mr. Richard Doyle, familiarly dubbed "Dicky."

With real pleasure have I received a little volume called "A Manual for the English Girl's Garden," being Household Object Lessons in methodical daily work, aided by Music and Song. Attentively conning this small tome and the accompanying numbers of a quarterly publication entitled "Little Women" (Miss Alcott, somebody has been stealing your thunder!), I have come to know something about the "Kitchen-Garden System," concerning which I spoke somewhat irreverently last week. The method seems to be really an admirable one for teaching girls to do their work in a neat, orderly, and, withal, cheerful manner. But why is "Garden" spelt "Garten"? The promoter of the excellent movement in question is not Pastor Froebel, but an English lady.

There are poetical rules—to be sung to simple tunes—for laying the breakfast table, washing dishes, making beds, and getting dinner ready; and there are wise saws on coffee, and how to make it; china, and how to handle it; cheese, mustard, knives and forks, black-lead, brick-dust, and emery powder—all to music. I can only quote one stanza, with its refrain, from a sweet ditty called "My Little Maid":—

The fire so bright must be built just right,
Or else 'twill not burn lightly.
The wool all dry, and coal sitting by,
With paper 'neath burns brightly.

The precept as to washing dishes is also charming:—

Washing dishes, washing dishes,
Suds are hot, suds are hot;
Work away briskly, work away briskly,
Do not stop, do not stop.

The rhyming of "hot" with "stop" is almost as ingenious as that of "Not for Joseph" with "If he knows it," in the famous music-hall song of "I'm a young man from the country, but you don't get over me."

There is nothing new under the sun; and the inculcation of household duties is as old, not precisely as the hills, but certainly as the days of Good Queen Bess. Perusal of "The Kitchen-Garden" book sent me at once to old Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, together with a Book of Huswifry: being a Calendar of Rural and Domestic Economy for every Month in the Year." Mine is the edition of 1812, edited by W. Mavor, LL.D.

There is a forecast equally curious and pleasant of the "Girls' Kitchen-Garden system" in one of Tusser's "Huswifry Admonitions":—

Good music regard,
Good servants reward;
Such servants are oftenest painful and good,
That sing in their labour like birds in the wood.

But Tusser can be stern upon occasion:—

Make maid to be cleanly, or make her cry creak,
And teach her to stir when her mistress doth speak
A wand in thy hand, though ye fight not at all,
Makes youth to their business better to fall.

* * * * *

Fight seldom ye shall,

But use not to brawl:

Much brawling with servant what man can abide?
Pay home when thou fightest, but love not to chide.

In the north of England a birch rod is still called a "birk-wand." The old gentleman's laundry admonitions are alarming:—

Take heed how ye wash,

Else rim in the lash.

Maids wash well and wring well, but beat ye not how,

If any lack beating I fear it be you.

The drollery of the matter was that Tusser (like Cobbett) was practically an unsuccessful farmer, who could never make both ends meet.

In re "izard." "A. G." (Chepstow), passing by the zoological meaning of the word, kindly tells me that in her youth ("probably before I was born": Oh, no, dear Madam; my name is Old Artful, and I was born ever so many years before you) she was familiar with another explanation of "izard," which was neither more nor less than the letter Z.

In remote dame schools the children were taught to say the alphabet by heart; and we had a nurse from Suffolk and one from Buckinghamshire, "x, y, izard, abesand," the last mysterious word meaning the sign & printed thus—*x, y, izard, abesand*, at the end of the alphabet, and their name for it meaning "and for and." But they had lost the meaning, and we used to tease them by asking what was the use of "abesand."

And lo and behold! in the nick of time, and as an oddly fortuitous compliment to the accuracy of my fair correspondent's memory, comes a communication from "S. N." (Leeds), mentioning that for years he has been puzzled by an expression made use of in "She Stoops to Conquer," where (act v., scene 5) Tony Lumpkin says, "Then there's an M and a T and an S; but whether the next be an Izzard or an R, confound me! I cannot tell." My correspondent also alludes to the final &, which, however, he spells "amperand."

Mem. : The latest edition of Webster notes "izzard" as a term formerly used for the letter Z, and probably a corruption of "s hard"; but Webster says nothing about "izard," or "izzard," an animal. The definition which I gave last week I took from Ogilvie and Annandale. Chambers makes no reference at all in the "Etymological Dictionary" to iazzard. Hyde Clarke cites "izzard" the letter, but not "izzard" the quadruped. On the other hand, "C. E. B." (Needwood Forest) writes:—

The ibex, or steinbock, is a goat (*Capra Ibex* of the Alps and Apennines, *Capra Pyrenaica* of the Pyrenees); it has massive knotted horns, overhanging its back. The iazzard is an antelope (the chamois of the Pyrenees), having the same short, black, upright horns, hooked at the top, as the chamois of the Alps. A relative of mine has many heads of each kind of chamois slain by him in his hunting expeditions in Switzerland and Spain. None but a hunter or a naturalist would distinguish between the chamois and the iazzard.

I thank my correspondent for his polite and instructive note. That which he says, I was enabled at once to verify by reference to Littré—s.v., "Isard." "Nom donné dans les Pyrénées, à l'antilope chamois, dit vulgairement chamois. 'Je suis enfant de la montagne, comme l'isard, comme l'aiglon.' Théophile Gautier, *Le Chasseur*. On écrit aussi ysard."

I have received a large batch of correspondence relating to orchestral performance and the conductor's baton. From this, as a beginning, I cull the following:—

"J. E.," Covent-Garden, writes :

Dear Sir,—That a gentleman usually so well informed upon "universal topics" should make the above query is somewhat extraordinary, but very excusable, as you cannot possibly possess any practical knowledge of the musician's method of attending to business; and therefore I take pleasure in attempting to throw the necessary light upon the subject. Naturalists inform us that the spider is provided with eight eyes, and this interesting insect can certainly make very good use of its natural endowment. Now, Providence has not been quite so generous to the musician, but we are enabled to intently gaze at a sheet of music-paper with our dual optics, and at the same time observe the conductor's baton with the aid of an additional "half an eye." Trusting you will now see this matter from an orchestral point of view, I have the honour to be yours faithfully.

Here is another letter :

Sir,—Having sung in a chorus, I can say that, with a little practice, it is possible to perceive the lively movement of the conductor's stick without looking directly at him. A certain conductor said to a certain (amateur) chorus, "Keep one eye on me, and the other on your book," and the ribald chorus laughed; but the conductor was right.—CONTRALTO.

And another :

Port Talbot House, Glamorgan, Oct. 24, 1886.
Dear Sir,—As I see in the "Echoes" that you invite someone to explain a matter which has puzzled you for years, and as I have had some experience in orchestral playing, amateur although I be, and thinking I can explain, I venture to respond: It is true, as you say, that when a performer is actually playing, he does not look off his sheet of music, as he has enough to do to read his part and play it properly, trusting to the character of the music to suggest the accent and feeling with which it should be rendered; but when, we will suppose, said performer has fifty-seven bars rest, with several pauses marked, which may mean cadenzas *ad lib.*, on special instruments; or, say, a change of time may occur, it is on the conductor's down beat, at the commencement of each bar, that the performer must rely to enable him to attack the continuation of his part with confidence, or, in short, to count correctly. I don't believe in the extravagant vagaries which some conductors indulge in; but his down beat at the beginning of each bar is necessary to keep the performers together. Of course, if they thoroughly know the music, they need not look at him at all.—Yours truly, L. R. FITZMAURICE, Capt. R.N.

And still another :

In reference to paragraphs 2 and 3 in last week's "Echoes," I beg to say that the rule is to keep one eye on the conductor and the other on the music. This requires considerable practice, and is part of the training which every good orchestral player must possess. It would be quite useless to expect anything like regularity in time without a conductor; and the frequent change of tempo which occurs in high class orchestral music, leaving out the effects of piano and forte, which are all controlled by the conductor, will, I trust, convince you that, although the members of the band you mention were apparently giving all their attention to the music—stand, in reality they were quite aware of every beat of the baton made by the conductor. Would it be asking you too much to give a line of information to your readers, informing them that the old rooms in Baker-street formerly occupied by Madame Tussaud's are now called the Portman Rooms, and were licensed by the Middlesex magistrates for music and dancing on the 13th ult. London was much in want of an additional concert and ball room; and I trust that the associations formerly connected with the building may be deemed by you of sufficient importance to note the change. Next to St. James's Hall, the concert-room here is the largest in London.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, F. J. U.

G. A. S.

THE GREAT EASTERN STEAM-SHIP.

We have received from Mr. Alfred Ellerton the following letter:—"The attention of the owners of the Great Eastern has been called to a paragraph in your issue of the 23rd inst., which has evidently been written under a total misapprehension of facts. So far from wandering about from port to port in a deplorably shiftless manner, the Great Eastern is being exhibited upon a thoroughly organised plan. The vessel was stationed, during the summer months, at Liverpool, where she was visited by over 500,000 persons. She is now moored at the North Wall, Dublin, in such a way as to render her perfectly secure in the most stormy weather. The statement that she 'nearly bumped her poor old life out against the North Wall' is inaccurate. During the first few days succeeding her arrival, on the 14th inst., she experienced a succession of violent hurricanes; the only effect upon her of which was a slight bending of the starboard paddle-wheel, which is now being removed, according to a previous determination. The 'citizens of Eblana' have given convincing proof that they do not in any way resent the presence of the Great Eastern in the Liffey."

The Lord Mayor entertained Lord Stanley of Preston (President of the Board of Trade), Lord Charles Beresford, and a number of gentlemen connected with the banking and commercial interests of the metropolis, at dinner on Tuesday at the Mansion House.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty is in good health, and takes walks and drives nearly daily. Yesterday week the Queen drove in the morning, accompanied by Princess Frederica and Princess Irene of Hesse, to the Danzig Shiel, where her Majesty was joined by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany. The Queen, with Princess Frederica and Princess Irene, drove on to the Derry Shiel. The Marquis of Salisbury had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Saturday last her Majesty drove out in the morning, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, and afterwards walked out with Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon her Majesty drove, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh. The Grand Duke of Hesse, Princess Irene, Prince Henry and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenburg rode, and Princess Beatrice drove. Accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Queen attended service on Sunday in Crathie parish church, and took the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the parish minister's pew. The Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Joseph of Battenburg were present in the church, which was filled by a large congregation. The Duchess of Albany attended public worship in Ballater parish church. On Monday morning the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon her Majesty drove to the Linn of Quoich and Allan Quoich, accompanied by Princess Irene of Hesse and attended by the Hon. Ethel Cadogan. Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica drove. Princess Frederica and Baron Pawel Rammington dined with her Majesty and Royal family. The Queen has sent a telegram to the Viceroy of India expressing her deep regret at the calamity which had overtaken the country by the death of General Macpherson.

The Prince of Wales closed his visit to Mr. Savile, of Rufford Abbey, on Friday, last week, and returned to Marlborough House. Before leaving, his Royal Highness planted an oak-tree in the grounds in commemoration of his visit. The Prince and Princess witnessed the performance of "Wild Oats" at the Criterion Theatre in the evening. The Prince received at Marlborough House last Saturday General Willoughby, the Ambassador from Madagascar, who presented his Royal Highness with some presents from the Queen of Madagascar. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maul, were present at Divine service. The Prince of Wales left Marlborough House shortly after noon on Monday for Newmarket, where he remained on a visit during the race meeting. His Royal Highness then returned to Sandringham. The Princess, accompanied by her three daughters, left Marlborough House on Monday for Sandringham. Mr. T. Riley has had the honour of a sitting from his Royal Highness for the work about to be published of the "Reminiscences of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition."

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and children will soon be settled at Malta.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, says a Reuter's telegram from Simla, left there on Monday for Rawal Pindi.

Princess Hélène, eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris, was confirmed by Cardinal Manning, in the chapel in King-street, Portman-square, on Tuesday last, in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church.

The marriage of Lord Henry Nevill, second son of the Marquis of Abergavenny, and Maud, youngest daughter of Mr. William Beckett, M.P., took place on the 20th inst. in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The bridesmaids were the Ladies Idina, Rose, and Violet Nevill, sisters of the bridegroom; Lady Helen Dancombe, cousin of the bride; and Miss Chandos Pole and Miss Milner, the little nieces of the bride. Lord Henry was attended by Lord Richard-Nevill as his best man. On the bride reaching the church she was received by her father, who subsequently gave her away. The Archbishop of York officiated.

SIR REDVERS BULLER IN KERRY.

The hearty approval of all honest men, of all good citizens and friends of humanity, whatever be their opinions concerning Irish Home Rule or the Irish Land Question, accompanies Major-General Sir Redvers Buller in his present service, to put down the infamous gangs of murderous "Moonlighters" in the south-western corner of Ireland. We present a View of Fries, a village in Kerry notoriously reputed the head-quarters of such malefactors among the lawless portion of the local peasantry; and a Sketch, also by our Special Artist, of Sir Redvers visiting one of the "protection huts," erected for the accommodation of the police. He is not a man willingly to lend the aid of the armed constabulary maintained by the Queen's Government for the unnecessary enforcement of harsh legal decrees at the arbitrary caprice of unjust landlords. He has lately announced that he will require ten days' notice before any police assistance is required to carry out an eviction; and it is understood that he will, during the interval, make personal inquiry, and that, if he finds it to be a hard case, and the tenant really unable to pay the rent, he will remonstrate with the landlord against proceeding to such extremities. This course is doubtless in accordance with instructions from the Chief Secretary for Ireland; and Sir Michael Hicks Beach is so far guided by the example that was set by Mr. John Morley, who stated in the House of Commons last February, soon after he took office, that Government would exercise its discretion with regard to supporting particular evictions by the employment of a military force. The main object, however, of Sir Redvers Buller's present commission, acting in concert with the Resident Magistrates of Kerry and of adjacent parts of the neighbouring counties, is to suppress the organised bands of nocturnal terrorists who visit farmhouses and cottages, threatening and often perpetrating the most cruel outrages, to compel people to obey the orders of the Land League, now called the National League, as represented by its local committees. These ruffians occasionally come to lonely dwellings for the purpose of demanding any guns or other firearms that may be kept in the houses by their owners; and it was in this way that they called upon Mr. Curtin, about a twelvemonth ago, and shot him dead at his own door, in the presence of his sons and daughters, when he attempted resistance. We learn that the persecution of the Curtin family still continues. A police hut has been erected close to their house, and they cannot go out without protection, and are insulted and hooted by the people. They cannot show themselves in their chapel, but have to hear the mass from the sacristy, and no one knows the life they lead. There was a meeting of the National League at Fries on the Saturday previous to the murder, and it is attributed to the violent speeches made there. The speakers at these meetings seem to think they can rouse the passions of the people and stop there, but the deeds of violence that follow are only the natural consequence. We shall give further Sketches by our Special Artist in Kerry. The energetic action of General Buller has already done some good, and it is now remarked that many persons in Kerry who have been suspected of moonlighting are no longer spending money in the towns, but are quietly digging potatoes for two shillings a day.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

According to the theories of political economists, food should be sold in the retail markets at a price corresponding to that of the wholesale market; the agency by which this is brought about being competition. Each retail buyer, they assert, will endeavour to attract custom from his competitors, by offering his goods as cheaply as he can, while leaving sufficient profit to secure to himself interest on his capital and payment for his own knowledge and skill equivalent to that which he would get by employing himself in some other way. The larger returns from a bigger shop are, in this view, only the reward of the additional capital employed and the greater skill and knowledge required to conduct such big businesses. But it is clear that this theory does not quite work out in practice; it is certain that the butcher, for instance, prefers to sell American meat at a shilling a pound to his established customers, rather than to seek to extend his business by selling it at sixpence a pound; and that the milkman would rather retain his present "walk" selling the milk at fivepence per quart, than increase the extent of his daily travels by offering his valuable fluid at threepence.

Another point is that, notwithstanding all one learns about the enormous percentage of retail profits, retail tradespeople do not, as a rule, make large fortunes. Now, how is it that competition seems to work so imperfectly; and that, notwithstanding the apparent existence of a tacit convention amongst tradespeople to charge us too much for their goods, they yet do not grow wealthy? It appears to me that it is partly because there are actually in all good-sized towns far too many shops for the real requirements of the public. There is waste in a number of retail establishments, none of which do a full business; a great deal of waste of the time and strength of both master and assistants, of rent, of gas, and of everything else used. This waste the customer has to pay for; and yet, the tradesman does not reap for himself the profit which the customer loses. Those who are in a position to buy at large shops are well aware how much lower is the percentage of charges at the giant emporiums; and few persons can have failed to notice how largely such big establishments have increased of recent years, leaving co-operative stores out of account.

Well, it is hard, no doubt, on the small tradesman to think that he is likely to be almost extinguished, in certain situations, and in process of time, by his larger compeers. Yet, if excessive competition acts, as it appears to be doing, by preventing the small tradesman from reducing the price of his goods in accordance with their market value, it is quite certain that consumers will have to seek, in the reduction of the number of middlemen, those advantages which we all ought to receive when Nature has given a bountiful harvest, as also when any change in the value of money reduces wholesale prices.

A good deal of sympathy appears to have been wasted over the young woman who dressed herself up in male clothes in order take a situation as a light porter. Not merely did this girl assume the ordinary manly customs of smoking and drinking, together with the habiliments of that sex which does smoke, and which is (perhaps, therefore) decidedly the thirstier one, she also supplemented her legitimate earnings by habitual theft, and in two different employments sought to throw the suspicion of her own dishonesty upon an innocent fellow-servant. The tale told on her behalf—viz., that she had vainly endeavoured to get anything to do in the natural dress of her sex—is doubtless only a trifling effort of that fertile imagination which produced the elaborate anonymous letters designed to cast on others the blame of her robberies. There is ample work in the world for a girl strong enough to act as a porter. Elder women, and weak ones, and those who, having been passably educated, but having been trained to nothing, cannot bring their minds to what they call "menial" situations—many of these may and do find it very hard to get employment. But a robust working class girl, who means to work, and not to steal and smoke, does not find herself unable to earn her bread.

By contrast with the care which is lavished upon girls of the upper classes, how extraordinary is the recklessness and indifference with which young women in a lower, and yet sufficiently respectable stratum of society, appear to be allowed to contract marriages with men of whom they know nothing! There was recently a young woman who appeared before a metropolitan magistrate, and, after informing him that her husband a few days subsequent to their marriage had been taken into custody, and sent to ten years' penal servitude, asked if she could legally marry again? Now, how came she to have married a man immediately before his arrest? This week, a man convicted, under the name of Dr. Vivian, of robbery, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, was shown to have been sentenced to an equal term before, as well as to various other terms; yet a respectable girl at Birmingham had been recently married to him, with her parents' full consent. That family knew absolutely nothing about the man or his past; they simply saw that he seemed to have plenty of money; and on the faith of this a girl was allowed by her elders and guides to tie herself for life to an absolute stranger. It would be incredible, if it were not certainly true, that any decent people, of even the poorest class, would be willing thus to fling their girls into the power of men of whom they know nothing. The Birmingham wife is the wife of the convict; his new sentence does not alter that. And when he is released, he will have a right to claim her company in his future adventures.

The French divorce law permits of the annulment of a marriage in cases where either party is sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Even in Russia, the wife of a man condemned to banishment to Siberia is offered the alternative of going with him or of being divorced from him, and left free to form a new marriage; although, if she elect to go, she is outlawed permanently, as much as the convict, and all their children born in exile are legally held to be of the lowest class, however high the original rank of husband and wife. The English law is even less merciful to the husbands and wives of convicts. Though the sentence may be for lifelong separation, the innocent is punished with the guilty. Domestic life is over, in that case, for the faultless partner, as well as for the criminal; while, if the term comes to an end, the law-abiding person finds himself or herself condemned to continue the closest of all human relations with one whose crime, perhaps, is shameful and abhorred. It is a sad situation.

The Women's Medical School in Brunswick-square has reopened for the new session with twenty-three pupils, nearly half of whom have taken the first step towards graduating at London University, while the others appear to have in view the oddly-named certificate, "L.K.Q.C.P.I." which is granted by that body in Dublin whose examination was (to the credit of the gallantry of Irishmen) the very first of all in Great Britain to be opened to women. The London "M.D." is a very stiff examination; but several ladies have passed it with much distinction; the late Miss Prideaux, last year, being the only candidate of either sex who took honours in five subjects, she also carrying off one of the gold medals. The Pharmaceutical Society's School has recently reopened; and to this women are admitted on equal terms with men for training as chemists. One of the few prizes given in connection with last session was awarded to Miss Buchanan. F. F.-M.

TOBACCO CULTIVATION IN ENGLAND.

For half a century nearly, our illustrations given of current events have never included amongst the products of an English harvest a crop of tobacco. It was reserved for 1886 to see the plant cultivated and dried in Great Britain as a farm crop. The pictures given are not fancy sketches by an artist, but copies of real things, engraved from photographs taken by Mr. Goodhew, Barnsbury, London, on the lands of the High Sheriff of Kent, Mr. Faunce De Laune, of Sharsted Court, near Sittingbourne. They represent in reality a farm crop, for if at present the several experiments allowed by Government have not exceeded an acre in any case, yet such a scale has been ample for the purpose, and tobacco cultivation has been lifted above mere garden trials, and raised to the rank of practical agriculture. Nothing succeeds like success; and the projected experiments advocated by a Kentish Peer and a Norfolk Baronet last spring in Parliament, which were sanctioned by the Liberal Government, but which the Royal Agricultural Society of England declined to support, have been successfully carried out, and are now petted by public favour. Like many other things, the English climate has proved not so bad as report made it. What was said to be impossible, the rearing and maturing of the tobacco plant in England, has been accomplished; and this season's results are thought as not unlikely to be the beginning of a new and great industry in the United Kingdom.

The history of the movement may be briefly given. About a year ago Mr. De Laune, at an agricultural meeting, when reviewing the existing depression of farming interests, suggested, from what he had seen abroad, that tobacco might be added to the list of the crops of this country, and give employment to great numbers of women and children, who find occupation in attending the growth and manufacture of the plant. Inducing his neighbour, Lord Harris, to take up the subject, and introduce it to legislative notice, Mr. De Laune found the idea take firm root in the public mind, and Sir Edward Birkbeck and others had good words to say in favour of an attempt being made. The Revenue Department, whilst seeing a source of national income to the amount of eight millions to nine millions sterling involved in the subject, yet showed no hostility; and the Government agreed that, under such auspices as the Royal Agricultural Society, the experiment might be allowed.

But the season was advancing, and, to the disappointment of Lord Harris and many others, the Agricultural Society came to the conclusion, through its council, that "it was too late to commence the experiment this year, but would be prepared next year to provide the necessary skilled supervision, if the Treasury would defray the expenses." At this date in April further action seemed likely to be restricted to the Royal Horticultural Society growing a quarter of an acre, at the request of Lord Harris, when Lord Walsingham, as president, and Mr. Kains-Jackson, as honorary secretary of the Ensilage Society, made application to Sir Algernon West, chairman of the Inland Revenue Department, and on April 16 promptly received an answer, that, "acting under instructions from the Lords of the Treasury, the Board of Inland Revenue will be happy to grant permission to certain agriculturists, to be named by the Ensilage Society, to make experiments in the growth of tobacco, provided they comply with the regulations laid down in the inclosed memorandum."

Towards the end of September, and during the present month, the cutting of the plant has taken place, and various attempts are now being made to dry and cure the leaves, so that they shall become good smoking tobacco for pipes, cigars, or cigarettes. The writer has made and enjoyed the smoking of several green cigarettes; but it is too early to say what will be the quality of the yellow and brown leaves that are drying in cool barns, or that, as in the case of our Illustration, have been dried over the fires of an oast house. At this moment some fine leaves are being cured in the pure, hot-air chambers of the Turkish Baths near the Grosvenor Hotel, having been placed there by the honorary secretary of the Ensilage Society; and further, the novel attempt is being made of placing the half-dried tobacco leaves in the model of a silo, which some chemists have suggested would preserve and ripen the tobacco successfully. Generally, the measure of success that will attend all these experiments can only be proved by time; but that English soil and climate will produce finely developed plants, is shown by our Illustrations.

Mr. W. E. Davidson has been appointed Legal Assistant to the Foreign Office.

Sir Reginald Hanson attended at the House of Lords on Monday morning to receive from the Lord Chancellor her Majesty's approval of his election as Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year.

The inquiry by the Royal Commission into the Belfast riots was brought to a close on Monday. Mr. Justice Day thanked the members of the Bar and the local authorities for the courtesy they had displayed towards the Commission.

Mr. Gladstone remained indoors on Sunday, owing to an accident which befell him on Saturday. He was out in the park felling a tree, when some insect stung him upon the lid of his right eye.

Sir T. B. Lennard, Bart., on Monday laid the foundation-stone of a new block of buildings being added to the Essex County Asylum, near Brentwood, at a cost of £63,000. The new buildings will accommodate 450 patients, and when they are completed sufficient accommodation will be found at the Asylum for all the patients in the county.

The executive committee of the Liverpool School of Cookery have awarded a gold medal to the Liverpool School of Cookery for the exhibit in the Exhibition of Elementary School-children at work, illustrating the facility with which practical education in cookery can be introduced into the elementary schools.

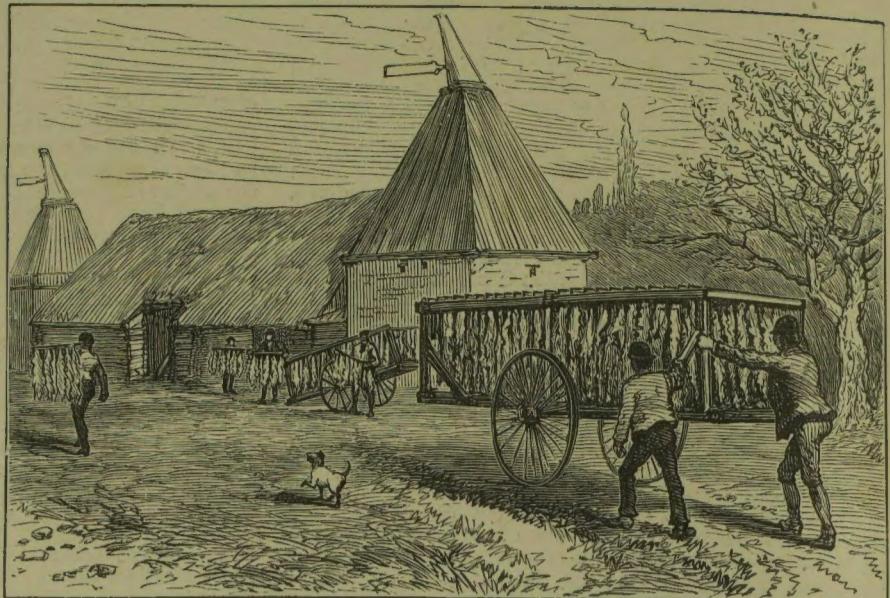
At the Norfolk Quarter Sessions, on the 21st inst., Sir Francis Boileau presented the court with a portrait of the late Sir Willoughby Jones, painted by subscription. The painting is by Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A., and is an excellent likeness of Sir W. Jones, who was chairman of the Norfolk Quarter Sessions from 1856 to 1884.

Sunday last was the day fixed for taking a religious Census of the Metropolis, embracing a population of about 4,000,000. At the entrances of all the churches and chapels of London trustworthy persons were stationed at every service held throughout the day, and carefully enumerated the number of worshippers who entered. The details of this census will be made public as soon as the statistics have been prepared.

The eighth annual Brewing and Allied Trades Exhibition and Market was opened on Monday at the Agricultural Hall. In addition to the exhibition of machinery, fittings, stock-in-trade, machinery in motion, and tasting-stalls, there have been during the week auction and growers sales of hops, with the view of putting into the pocket of the producer the profits which generally go to the middleman. A brewers' congress has been held, and there have been meetings of the County Brewers', Free Mash Tun Association, and other societies.



STAGING THE TOBACCO LEAF.



CARTING THE CROP TO THE OAST-HOUSE FOR DRYING.



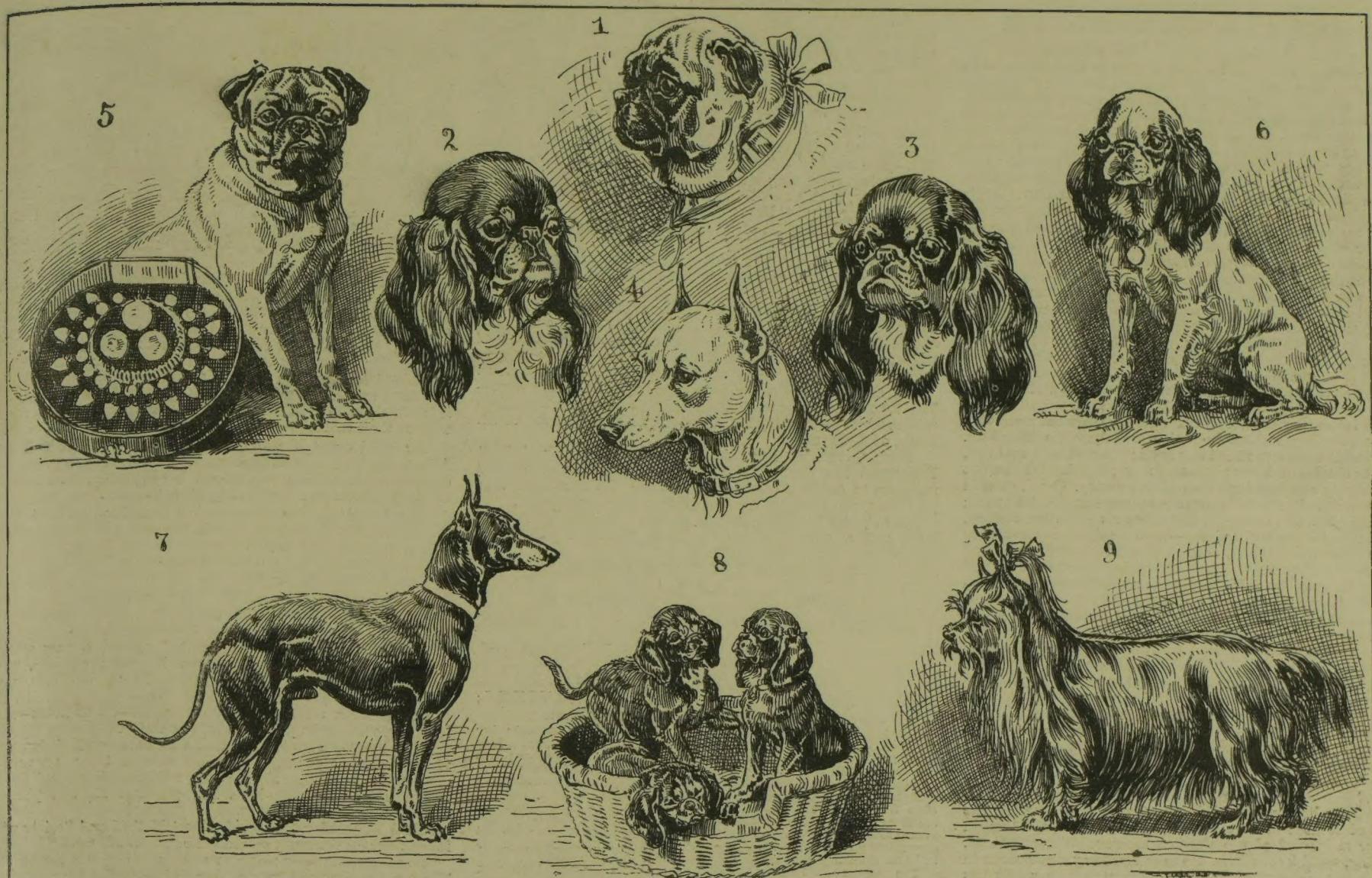
PICKING THE TOBACCO LEAF.



HANGING UP THE LEAF TO DRY.



A FIELD OF TOBACCO-PLANTS, SHARSTED COURT, KENT.
TOBACCO. GROWING IN KENT.

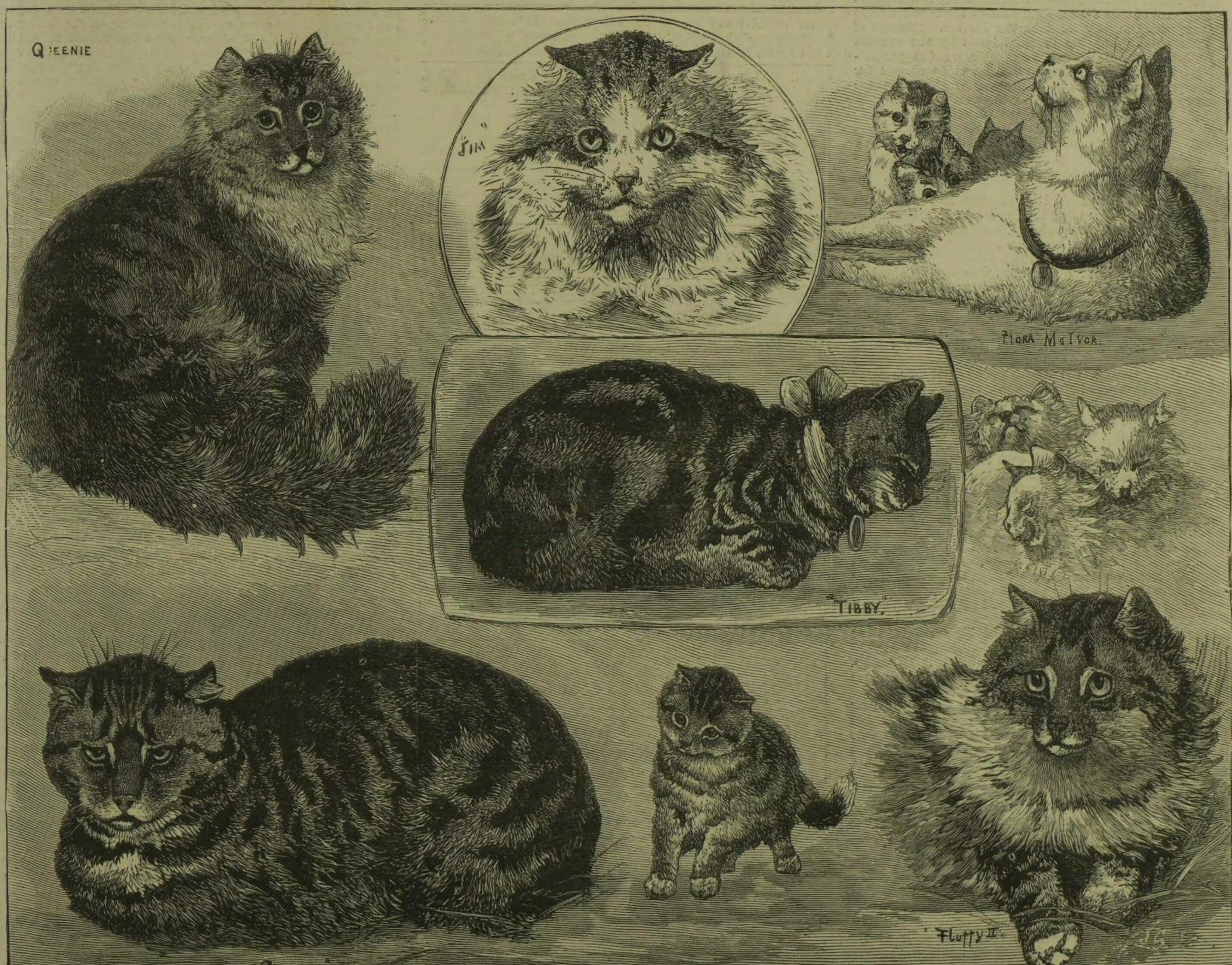


1. Mrs. C. S. Brittain's "Little Countess," First Prize in open class for pug bitches, under 20lb. weight.
2. Mrs. E. Forder's King Charles dog "Champion Jumbo."
3. Mr. P. Russell Spencer's "Olivette," the Champion King Charles bitch, and first in the challenge class for bitches.

4. Mr. A. Isaac's "Dick," First Prize in selling class.
5. Mr. W. L. Sheffield's Champion pug "Stingo-Snuffles." (Did not compete. Has his case of medals beside him.)
6. Mrs. E. Forder's "Haldee," first, open class for Blenheim spaniel bitches.

7. Mrs. M. A. Foster's "Prince A1," Champion black-and-tan terrier, and first in the challenge class.
8. Mrs. Rose's First Prize litter of toy spaniels.
9. Mrs. M. A. Foster's "Little Tot," First Prize in the Yorkshire terrier's class for novices.

TOY DOG SHOW AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.



Miss Moor's half-bred Persian "Queenie," very highly commended.
Mr. Goodall's "Jim," First Prize.
Mrs. J. W. Miles's kittens; the mother, "Flora M'Ivor"; sire, the English tabby "Coppa," First Prize and Silver Medal.

Mrs. W. Spark's short-haired tabby cat "Tibby," First Prize, Silver Medal, and Silver Basin and Tongs for the best short-haired cat in the Exhibition.

Mrs. Scott's English tabby "Coppa," with leopard cat, First Prize and Silver Medal.
Mrs. Valance's Persian "Fluffy II," with the smallest kittens; and a group of Persian kittens.

CRYSTAL PALACE CAT SHOW.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct 26.

The Ministerial crisis of last week came to end very quickly, by a general patching up of the Cabinet. Now all is going on happily, and the Chamber is discussing the Educational Bill. The report on the Budget of 1887 has been distributed, and in it the reporter, M. Wilson, recommends the immediate voting of an income tax. The whole Ministry, it may be added, is opposed to the principle of an income tax of any kind whatever. Nevertheless, it is on this income tax that the Commission counts, in order to balance the Budget of 1887. From this Budget report we discover that the War Department of France costs nearly 560 millions of francs a year, and that the Minister of War demands 200 millions to modify the arms of the troops. Thus it appears that modern chemical science threatens to reduce Europe to general bankruptcy, so rapidly is each new explosive being superseded by some more terrible one, and each new discovery necessitates a change of arms. The other day, the French War Department made experiments with a new powder, exploding without smoke, and almost without noise. Finally, let us hope, war will become so horrible that everybody will be afraid to begin; and then we shall be able to live happily, and do nothing but buy and sell, and listen to music and poetry after office hours.

It is interesting to note in Paris the beginning of a reaction against everyday realism in fiction and dramatic literature. The greatest successes of the day are not comedies of real life, not close studies of human weakness or feminine frailty, but rather highly-seasoned fantasies and fine poetry. The vaudeville and the "screaming farce" seem to be coming into fashion again; and within the past fortnight three theatres—the Renaissance, the Menus Plaisirs, and Déjazet—have obtained extraordinary success with three most fantastic vaudevilles, the "Trois Noces," the "Petites Manoeuvres," and the "Femmes Collantes," all three by new writers. But the success of these droll vaudevilles is nothing compared with the success of "Hamlet," at the Comédie Française. Three nights a week Shakespeare scores the grand maximum receipts—namely 8000f. to 8100f.—which is more than Augier, Dumas, or Pailleron has ever done. Furthermore, M. Jean Richépin's new piece, "Monsieur Scapin," which will be brought out to-morrow, is a fantastic piece, written in the most brilliant verse, and dealing with purely fantastic characters. Thus, during the whole of November—that is to say, during the farewell performances of the elder Coquelin—the Comédie Française will play verse six nights, three nights "Hamlet," and three nights "Monsieur Scapin." Who will say that the Parisians are a prey to base realism?

The French Government has conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour on Madame Dieulafoy, wife of the learned explorer and chief of the Susiana mission. Since 1881 M. Dieulafoy, aided by his wife, has been directing excavations in Persia in the midst of all kinds of dangers. The result has been the discovery of some 300 engraved stones, quantities of seals, vases, inscriptions, enamelled faience lions, gigantic faience bulls, and, above all, the excavation of a palace built by Darius, destroyed by Xerxes, and rebuilt by Artaxerxes. In this palace everything was colossal, and part of the decoration represented, in enamelled terra-cotta bas-relief, the archers of Darius, with their arms and armour. M. Dieulafoy has brought back a fragment of this frieze, four mètres high and twelve mètres long, which is now fixed in the Louvre. The rest of the contents of the 300 boxes brought home by the mission are now being installed in a new room on the ground-floor of the Louvre, which, however, will not be opened for some months to come. The picture galleries of the Louvre have been rearranged in part during the summer, and a new room has been added—the so-called Salle des Etats, at the end of the Rubens' Gallery. In this room the works of the French painters of the nineteenth century have been hung. This new gallery is to be opened to the public "in a few days." Unfortunately, the "days" of the administration of the Louvre often mean weeks, and even months.

Two remarkable ladies died in France last week—the Duchesse De Vallombrosa and the Baronne De Forget. During the past thirty years the villa of the Duchesse De Vallombrosa at Cannes has been the rendezvous of cosmopolitan wit and elegance. The Duke, a Sardinian by birth, was French on the side of his mother, who was a Galard de Béarn; the Duchesse was a daughter of the Duc Des Cars; so that nobility of origin was not wanting on either side. The salon of the Duchesse De Vallombrosa at Cannes had two periods. From 1859 to 1870 it was chiefly literary, and the guests were men like Tocqueville, Merimée, and Cousin; after 1870 it became political, and received successively the vanquished Bonapartists, the discouraged Legitimists after 1875, then the Bourbons of Naples, and last of all the Orléans Princes. The Baronne De Forget was the daughter of the Comte De Lavalette, and Emile de Beaumarnais, niece of the Empress Josephine. In 1815 the Comte De Lavalette was condemned to death by the Jury of the Seine for having seized the Post Office as soon as he heard that Napoleon I. had left Elba. The Count was imprisoned in the Conciergerie. At three o'clock his wife, his daughter, and their chambermaid came to dine with the prisoner, who was awaiting the hour of death; at seven o'clock the daughter, who was then twelve years old, and the chambermaid passed out of the prison gate bearing up a person who seemed to be Madame De Lavalette, but who was really the Count. The three women were tried for having organised this escape, and acquitted by the same jury which had condemned the Count De Lavalette. Horace Vernet commemorated this tragic incident in a picture, "L'Evasion de la Concierge."

The five sections of the Institute of France held their annual collective séance yesterday, Oct. 25, being the ninety-first anniversary of the foundation of the Institut de France. Amongst other papers read was one by Gounod, "Nature and Art," being a reply to naturalist and realist theories.

MM. Robert Mitchell and Loqueyssie have founded a new Bonapartist journal, *La Souveraineté*. Prince Victor has written to the founders a letter in which he says that "the plébiscite is the foundation of all legitimate government in France. Outside of the plébiscite there is nothing but usurpation for some and oppression for others. This grand truth must be the programme of the Empire." The founders of this new journal will probably lose their time and their money. Even the old-established journals now-a-days find it hard to get readers.

T. C.

The King of Denmark has proceeded to Gmünden in order to accompany Queen Louise back to Denmark.

Princess Therese of Bavaria, niece of the late Prince Otho, ex-King of Greece, has arrived at Athens, and is the guest of the King and Queen at the Royal Palace.

The Bulgarian Government has sent a circular to the Powers announcing that the Great Sobranje will meet on the 31st inst., and, after verifying the elections, will choose a new Prince. General Kaulbars has addressed another Note to the Bulgarian Government, reiterating that Russia refuses to recognise the legitimate character of the Assembly, whose proceedings it will regard as null and void.

The Emperor William returned to Berlin on Thursday week, after six weeks' absence at Strasburg and Baden, and in moist, chilly weather his Majesty, who completed his ninetieth year within five months, drove in an open carriage from the station to the palace, apparently in good health and spirits. He was received at the railway station by the Governor of the city, the Chief of Police, the Minister of War, and other dignitaries.—M. Heribette, the new French Ambassador to Germany, was received in formal audience by the Emperor last Saturday.—His Majesty attended the performance at the opera in the evening, remaining until the close. On Sunday afternoon his Majesty, with a small suite, travelled by special train to Blankenburg, in the Hartz Mountains, for some shooting, as the guest of the Regent of Brunswick, returning to Berlin on Tuesday.

COUNT Von Beust, the eminent Austrian statesman, who was Chancellor of the Empire from 1867 to 1871, and for several years subsequently held the post of Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, died at Trieste on Sunday.—The Budget for the ensuing year has been submitted to the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, the estimates showing a deficit of sixteen million florins.—The Emperor of Austria has gone to Buda-Pesth for the opening of the Session of the Delegations.

Further shocks of earthquake have been felt in America.—The Adams express-car on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad was on Monday night robbed, at a point west of St. Louis, of 50,000 dols.

From Canada we learn that the Council of the North-West Territories has decided to appoint a committee of elected members to devise a scheme for dividing the territories into provinces, and securing for them responsible government.

The Pondoos have invaded the colonial territory of Xesibeland, and a volunteer force is being raised by the Cape Government to act against them.

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JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Croton," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 33, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

SPECIAL LECTURE BY MISS VON FINKELSTEIN in EXETER HALL, STRAND, on FRIDAY, NOV. 5, at Eight p.m. Subject, HOMES AND HAUNTS OF JESUS. Numbered Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unnumbered Reserved Seats, 2s.; Area and Gallery, 1s. Tickets from Ticket-office, Exeter Hall, Strand, London. Position of seats according to priority of application.

FAUST.—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST EVERY NIGHT at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

STRAND.—MR. EDWARD COMPTON.—A Grand Success. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performance EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Chas. Terry.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE (late THE PRINCE'S).—Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, Sole Proprietor and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at Eight, LA BEAUMAISON, Comic Opera, by Alfred Murray. Music by Andre Messager. Miss Florence St. John, Miss Mary Tempest, Miss Linda Verner, Miss Leslie Bell, Mr. J. Dallas, Mr. E. J. Lonnen, Mr. W. Cheesman, Mr. S. Harcourt, and Mr. G. H. Shazzelle. Chorus of Fifty. Increased Band. Doors open 7.30. Box-office (Mr. Hamilton) open daily, from Eleven to Five. Telephone, 3700. MATINEE, Nov. 6, at 2.15.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—The New and Sparkling Entertainment of the World-famed **MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.** THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE O'CLOCK also.

Tickets and Places can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fee for any description. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performance; at 7.30 for Evening Performance.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artistes of renowned celebrity.

The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO, on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.

MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hotel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi, by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gotthard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages; Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available Eight Days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including Admission to the Royal Pavilion.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.

MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace concert of last Saturday afternoon (the second of the new series) was rendered tributary to the memory of Franz Liszt, the greater portion of the programme having consisted of his music. The recent visit to London of this remarkable man last April, and his death in the following July, gave a special interest to Saturday's programme, which, however, consisted of more or less familiar materials. Two of his "Symphonic Poems" (Nos. 3 and 12), his second Piano-forte Concerto, and a Fantasia on Hungarian airs for piano and orchestra, were the instrumental pieces selected. Mr. Walter Bache, who was the pianist, played with his well-known skill and care. Vocal solos were contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel. The programme included the Funeral March from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" and the Prelude to his "Parsifal."

The Richter concert of last Saturday evening (at St. James's Hall) was the first of three autumn performances. The programme of this, like that of the Crystal Palace concert, comprised pieces by Wagner and Liszt, the former's "Kaisermarsch," "Faust" Overture, Prelude to "Parsifal," and "Ride of the Valkyries," and the latter's Symphonic Poem "Les Préludes," having been given; all followed by Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, which closed the concert. All this music is too familiar to need comment. The orchestral performances were of the usual high order, conducted by Dr. Hans Richter.

A special event of this week was the concert at the Royal Albert Hall, at which Madame Adelina Patti made her last appearance in London previous to her departure for America. Of the performances we must speak next week.

The Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts, under the lesseeship of Mr. W. F. Thomas, closed the series on Monday evening, when the performances were for his benefit. On the following evening a new series was begun, under the lesseeship of Mr. E. Ascherberg. The concert included the début of Miss Alice Whitacre, a young American soprano, who produced a highly favourable impression. Of her merits we shall doubtless soon have further occasion to speak.

The "Novello Oratorio Concerts" opened a new season yesterday (Friday) evening, when Dvorák's oratorio, "St. Ludmila" (produced at the recent Leeds Festival), was announced for performance, with Madame Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley as solo vocalists—as at Leeds—and Miss Hope Glenn in place of Madame Patti.

The Monday Popular Concerts will enter on their twenty-ninth season next week, the programme being of varied interest, although devoid of novelty. Madame Norman Néruda is the leading violinist, Miss Fanny Davies the solo pianist, and Mr. Santley the vocalist.

Next Wednesday the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will inaugurate its sixteenth season with a performance of "Elijah."

M. Mayer, formerly manager of French opera at the Gaiety Theatre, has arranged to open Her Majesty's Theatre on Nov. 6, for a series of similar performances, beginning with Gounod's "Faust."

PRIZE CATS AND TOY DOGS.

The favourite household pets, both of the feline and of the canine race, represented by animals of surpassing excellence in their special classes and breeds, are figured on a page of our Journal, being some of the prize-winners, respectively, at the Crystal Palace Cat Show, and at the second annual Toy Dog Show, held at the Westminster Royal Aquarium, on Tuesday and Wednesday last week. In the Toy Dog Show, which was especially patronised by ladies, the different classes included pugs, King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels, Prince Charles spaniels, Ruby spaniels, Yorkshire terriers, black-and-tan terriers, small bull-terriers, Italian greyhounds, Pomeranians, Maltese, and other fancy varieties, numbering altogether, with those for sale, nearly two hundred and fifty. They were confined in wire pens, which, in most instances, were very prettily decorated, and often lined with coloured cloth, furnished with elegant cushions, or partially curtained with fine lace. The judges were Mr. W. L. Sheffield, for pugs; Mr. Lindsey Hogg, for spaniels; Mr. James Berrie and Mr. J. Birkby for other classes. The Cat Show afforded equal gratification to many visitors to the Crystal Palace, in the south gallery. It was the largest collection yet seen, numbering above four hundred; but there was not one tortoise-shell cat. The judges of the short-haired breeds were Mr. Harrison Weir and Mr. Jenner Weir; Mr. George Billett was judge of the long-haired. The arrangements, made by Mr. Venables, were highly convenient; the cats were in new cages of Mr. Billett's patent design.

A gold medal at the Liverpool International Exhibition has been awarded to the Bushmills Old Distillery Company, Belfast, for their whisky.

Earl Fitzwilliam has given £750 towards restoring the Priory Church of St. Mary, at Old Malton, Yorkshire; and Mrs. Woodhead, of Marsh House, has given £1000 towards building a new church at Cleckheaton, Yorkshire.

Meetings have been held this week at the Record Office and the rooms of the Society of Arts, under the direction of the Domesday Commemoration Committee of the Royal Historical Society, to celebrate the 800th anniversary of the Domesday Survey. Proceedings commenced on Monday by a visit to the exhibition of the Domesday-Book and MSS. at the Public Records Office, Fetter-lane. A paper on the subject was read by Mr. Hubert Hall, F.R.H.S., of the Public Records Office. On Tuesday the King's Library at the British Museum was filled with the members of the Royal Historical Society, for the purpose of viewing an exhibition of Domesday MSS.

The Newmarket Houghton races, the last meeting of the year at the head-quarters of the turf, began on Monday, and was continued until Friday. On the opening day, Mr. Sassoon won the Plate of 100 guineas with Theodore; Mr. Manton the All-aged Selling Plate with the Wifey gelding, and the Selling Plate with Mezzotint; Mr. R. Craig the Monday Nursery Handicap Plate with The Gloaming; the Duke of Hamilton the Flying Stakes with Monsieur de Paris; Mr. W. R. Marshall the Lancaster Welter Handicap with Don; and Mr. J. Dawson the Criterion Stakes with Calla Herrin'. On Tuesday, Mr. W. Gilbert won the Cambridgeshire Stakes with The Sailor Prince; Mr. Manton's St. Mirin being second, and Mr. Somers's Carlton third. Other events were decided as follows:—Maiden Plate, the Prince of Wales's Lady Peggy; the Free Handicap Plate, Mr. Benholm's Braw Lass; and the Criterion Nursery Stakes, Captain Bowling's Baroness colt. Among Wednesday's races, it may be mentioned that the Homebred Sweepstakes were won by Lord Bradford's Livingstone; the New Nursery Plate fell to Mr. H. T. Fenwick's Bertha; the Ditch Mile Welter Handicap was won by Mr. A. De Montgomery's Flores; the Even Weight Maiden Plate was carried off by Mr. R. Peck's Murdoch; and the 100-Guinea Plate was secured by General Owen Williams's Vatican. Then came the struggle for the Dewhurst Plate. Ten ran. The race was won by the Duke of Beaufort's Rêve d'Or, with Enterprise second, and Freedom third.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

In "The Hobby Horse" Mr. Pinero has given his critics a very tough nut to crack. In spite of the daring eccentricity of this extremely amusing and original work, notwithstanding the brilliancy of the dialogue and careful exposition of character, there comes a time when seriousness and satire have such a pitched battle over the body of the play, and come to terms so aggressively, that it is not very easy to say whether Mr. Pinero is satisfied or not as to the treatment of certain scenes by certain artists. Each critic forms a theory of his own, and we shall never know who is right or who is wrong until Mr. Pinero comes into the arena and explains. Mr. Archer, who has a logical and penetrating mind, is of opinion that Mr. Pinero had a capital farce on his desk or in his head, ultimately destined for the Court; but being suddenly called upon to supply the St. James's, he trifled with his conscience, and watered it down into a comedy that would be likely to suit the consciences of the many admirers of Mrs. Kendal. It may be so; but I should be sorry to think anything of the kind, for I look upon Mr. Pinero and Mr. Gilbert alike as workmen too careful and conscientious to trust to haphazard, or to draw their bows at a venture when they write for the stage. They may puzzle us very much, occasionally they may actually puzzle themselves; but their work is remarkable for its care, conscientiousness, and neatness. Every line, every sentence, every scene strikes one as having been carefully prepared, and polished to perfection before it is passed into the hands of the prompter. Others there are who cannot penetrate very deeply into the satire, who do not admire the author's method, or appreciate his originality, and who feel the difficulty of "The Hobby Horse" without being able to explain it. They have got it into their heads that farces should be played at the Court and the Criterion, because they have been successful there; they lay down a kind of broad rule that comedy of a less pronounced pattern should be the staple food at the St. James's; and so, when Mr. Pinero puts a dish before them of a strange flavour, they make a wry face, and leave the table. In point of fact, they don't taste: they hiss! Painful, indeed, was it to see the sudden change on Mr. Hare's countenance, when on speaking the last lines of the play, and expecting a sign of generous enthusiasm, down from the heights came a sudden and startling hiss. There was nothing on earth to hiss at; no one had offended anybody; the play was unquestionably clever, and the acting admirable: but the hiss meant that Mr. Pinero's satirical sauce had not been appreciated, that his made dishes were not quite palatable, and that we must go back to the homely "boiled mutton and trimmings" of the British drama. The very men who growl and grumble at our want of originality as playwrights in this country, are the very first to hiss when a manager gives them original work.

The gist of the play turns upon the comical results that may follow from the exercise of a practical joke. Mrs. Spencer Jermyn, a newly-made wife who is, at the same time, an amateur philanthropist, leaves her husband's home and goes up to London, in the assumed name of a friend, to act as companion to a girl and do district visiting for an enthusiastic curate. In the course of her peregrinations she becomes sick of the courts and alleys of the poor, but causes the wretched curate to fall in love with her, and creates an enormous scandal by her equivocal position in the curate's house. Now, it will be seen at a glance, that this position of an innocent married woman being made love to by an equally innocent curate, who thinks he has been harbouring a Miss Moxon and not a Mrs. Jermyn, may be made extremely funny in farce, and extremely serious in comedy. If the curate is played sympathetically, we must pity the poor fellow for being taken in; if Mrs. Jermyn is played with sobs and tears, the whole joke falls to the ground. Mrs. Jermyn, by a thoughtless act of folly, has not only compromised herself, but several others; but to get out of it she must surely laugh, and not cry. The instant she becomes sympathetic, and the heroine of a love romance, the play receives a rude shock, from which it never recovers. The tears of Mrs. Jermyn should be those of a crocodile, not of a tender-hearted woman. Everyone admires Mrs. Kendal's pathos; but it must be in the right place. Seldom has clever actress been placed in such a dilemma. The author can hardly have helped her by his guidance; for, had he urged a more satirical and mocking vein, a more defined expression of humour on the part of Mrs. Kendal, she would most certainly have followed his advice. When Mrs. Kendal had an equally difficult task to perform in "Pygmalion and Galatea," in "The Palace of Truth," and "The Wicked World," she made no mistake at all. Her appreciation of the satire was most delicate; her conviction most sincere. But in the case of Mrs. Jermyn, she seemed to the audience to be undecided what to do. She changed her course a dozen times—now she tacked one way, and now another. Her touch upon the sympathies and susceptibilities is very acute and accurate; and she seemed to be feeling her way with them at every turn. Now she tried to make them laugh and now to cry. In the end, she succeeded in puzzling them, and, with very little consideration or courtesy, they began to hiss. As the part of the manly curate is written, it is not easy to see how Mr. Herbert Waring could have played the part differently. But the very sympathy that he creates makes the task of Mrs. Kendal all the more difficult. Everyone but Mrs. Kendal must be serious in the second act. They cannot help themselves. She may be, but she need not. That is all the difference. The two parts with which no fault could possibly be found are those played respectively by Mrs. Beerbohm-Tre and Mr. John Hare. In half a second Mrs. Tree showed that she appreciated Mr. Pinero's joke. Her first love-scene with the timid solicitor, all the delightful affection and enthusiasm of the love-lorn spinster, all her moralising on the inequality of life, were in the best spirit of satire. This lady showed that she possessed what so few women have—a true sense of humour. Objection has been taken to the comic scenes that open the last act. I thought them admirable as interpreted by Mrs. Tree, and was constantly wondering why Mr. Kendal had not played the bothered solicitor—perhaps the only part that was not quite understood. As old Jermyn, Mr. Hare had nothing to do but be natural, and occasionally testy. Always a good actor, he has lately developed a rounder, fuller, and richer style. Where before he was occasionally thin, he is now strong and vigorous. His comic irritability in the last act was one of the best things in the play; and so valuable is Mr. Hare as a comedian of a certain pattern, that it makes one regret we can never see him as Sir Pertinax, or Lord Ogleby, or Mawworm, or Job Thornebury, or one of the characters in the répertoire of Samuel Phelps. By this time, no doubt, Mr. Mackintosh has appeased that hunger for over-elaborating a comic character in detail. All that this actor does is clever, but it is always too highly coloured. Mrs. Gaston Murray, in the very difficult character of an overbearing rector's wife, comes upon the scene at an awkward period, and has to express much in a short space of time. It is an unfortunate position for the actress, for she seems to be keeping the play and the story waiting. It is a character that might be reconsidered, and turned into a snappy woman instead of a

deliberately sarcastic one. The little cheery characters of boy and girl could not have been better acted than by Mr. Fuller Mellish and Miss Webster. They both belong to the young and rising school of comedians.

Invited to the Strand last Monday to see the ever-green "School for Scandal," I was delighted at the manner in which it was done. The chief object of interest was Miss Angelé Fenton, who was cast for Lady Teazle. It is some years since I have seen a better one. Someone had told me that this lady had essayed to play Portia, but with no very great success. Of that I know nothing; but I found her a very charming and very clever Lady Teazle. She had disregarded, I was glad to see, some of the tricks of the part. She was not drilled into it like a parrot, or appeared in it as an automaton. She had ideas of her own, and very excellent ones they were. Her gaiety in the scandal scene, was, in reality, much more natural than that of most of her companions. Her wilfulness with Sir Peter was that of a coquette naturally good hearted, but already tainted with the insincerity of the world and society. Her pathos, in the screen scene, was well expressed, and excellently sincere. Add to these marks of intelligence a charming presence, a bright stage face, and a melodious voice—the very echo of that of Patty Oliver, in old days—and you have an actress who should be encouraged to go on and prosper. Mr. Compton made a capital Charles Surface, just light enough to delight his audience, just incisive enough to do credit to the character. And in that of Trip a new candidate for honours stepped on the stage in the person of Mr. H. Morell, who is determined to begin at the bottom and work his way to the top. Mr. Lewis Ball, a sound actor of the old school, played Sir Peter, and took the memory back at one bound to the celebrated management of Mr. Phelps at Sadlers Wells. What a pity it is that London has no company permanently established to play old comedy as well as Mr. Compton and his companions. Sheridan, whatever may be said, is still appreciated by the people. As long as the world lasts, there will be a new generation that has not seen "The School for Scandal."

C. S.

THE RECESS.

What Lord Randolph Churchill designates "the annual winter deliberations of the Government" began in earnest on Monday last. The lively Chancellor of the Exchequer, though due in Bradford on that date, tarried in town to confer with the Prime Minister on the return of the noble Marquis from Balmoral to Arlington-street, where their Lordships were joined in consultation by Mr. W. H. Smith, the Secretary for War. Whilst the Earl of Iddesleigh is supposed to have had important interviews with the French and Turkish Ambassadors at the Foreign Office, the Marquis of Salisbury the same afternoon had similarly weighty business to transact with Lord Cross and Mr. Henry Matthews in the little house in Downing-street. Prudent decisions were presumably arrived at both with respect to the new Burmese Expedition and to the threatened demonstration of London "Socialists," or reckless demolitionists, at the tail of the Lord Mayor's procession.

The ex-Premier vainly seeks seclusion at Hawarden. A wasp sought out Mr. Gladstone last Saturday, stung him on the right eye-lid, and every journal in the kingdom was furnished with bulletins as to the right hon. gentleman's progress. Meanwhile Lord Rosebery was packing up for his Indian tour, the Marquis of Hartington hesitated whether or not he should winter in India after all, and Mr. Chamberlain was enjoying a trip to Adrianople from Constantinople in the cheerful company of Sir John Gorst, Mr. Jesse Collings, and Mr. Harry W. Lawson, who is considered by some the "Grand Young Man" of the Commons.

Lord Randolph Churchill, however, is the principal political personage of the week. Albeit Ministerial matters detained the noble Lord in London on Monday, he had a most charming representative in Lady Randolph Churchill, who made a captivating speech at the Beictive Habitation of the Primrose League. With characteristic energy, too, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, having given a fillip to the Lancashire and Cheshire Union of Conservative Associations at Manchester on Saturday, travelled to Yorkshire, and infused some of his superabundant vigour on Tuesday afternoon into the large meeting of delegates at the annual Conference of the National Conservative Union, over which he ably presided at the Bradford Technical College. Lord Randolph Churchill, greeted very cordially at this same gathering, assured his hearers he would ever endeavour to tread in the footsteps of his great exemplar, the late Lord Beaconsfield (of whose vivacious speeches his Lordship is evidently an assiduous student). But the Chancellor of the Exchequer sparkled most at Tuesday evening's meeting. His Lordship had a great and sympathetic audience. St. George's Hall was full. The orator was in his happiest vein: earnest at times, and at times humorous. His argument (though he spoke over an hour and twenty minutes) may be compressed into a nutshell. Lord Randolph Churchill, then, maintained his position that the alliance of the Government and the "Unionist Party" was of primary importance; regretted he had made his Dartford speech—only because he was thereby prevented from delivering the same address that night; congratulated the country that in Ireland there had been a good harvest, that Irish landlords had made generous concessions and remissions to their tenants, and that rents are being fairly paid, and that there had been a marked decrease of crime in the island, wherein the Government were determined to preserve "decent order and security to life and property." His Lordship was reticent with regard to foreign affairs, counselling his hearers to await the coming speech of the Prime Minister at the Guildhall; he lightly chaffed (there is no other word for it) Mr. Gladstone on "that reckless and ruthless devastation of the groves of the plantations of his paternal (sic) acres" which the Hawarden gossips are full of; and he justified every part of his Dartford programme on the score that it was mainly but a repetition of Lord Salisbury's memorable Newport address of November last, and of the Queen's Speech in the New Year. With Randolphian badinage, he accounted for the publication in the *Daily News* of the alleged Ministerial Irish Home-Rule scheme (a scheme of four separate councils for Ireland) on the grounds that the editor was a contributor to *Punch*, and had inserted in the newspaper what was really intended for the London Charivari. Crowned triumph of all, Lord Randolph Churchill's skilful speech secured the approval of Mr. Henry Chaplin, which Lincolnshire magnate is eagerly expectant of the next Cabinet appointment.

It may also be mentioned that Mr. Charles Lewis is declared unseated for Londonderry, for which Mr. Justin McCarthy may now sit; that Northampton has expressed its satisfaction that the Government will no longer proceed against Mr. Bradlaugh on account of his alleged illegal votes in the House; and that Mr. Schnadhorst was on Tuesday entertained by the Liberals of Birmingham on the eve of his departure to reanimate the Liberal organisation of London.

Mr. Corney Grain will produce his new musical sketch, entitled "Taking the Waters," next Monday evening at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment.

COMMEMORATION OF TRAFALGAR.

On Thursday, the 21st inst., the old flag-ship of Lord Nelson in his last battle, H.M.S. Victory, which lies opposite the quay at Portsmouth, was decorated, as is customary, with garlands of laurel at the mastheads, trucks, yard-arms, and boom-ends, and on the upper deck, in honour of Trafalgar Day. The ship was visited by many people; a dinner was given on board to some of the very few surviving old seamen who served in the great French war; and in the afternoon Earl Nelson distributed the prizes won by the scholars of the Portsmouth Church High Schools in the court-martial room. His Lordship remarked that that was the day on which they celebrated the great victory and glorious death of our immortal naval hero. There was no more touching or pathetic incident in the history of England than the quiet way in which our great Admiral went from that port, walking to the beach on foot, a few months before the great battle. He was surrounded by crowds of Portsmouth people. They blessed him, and knelt down to ask his blessing: that showed how highly he was honoured in this country. England had to discharge a duty, and he was going forth to fight her battles, and they found the people ready to accept him as the saviour of his country. The Admiral knew his sailors, and they loved him. He never lost an opportunity of showing that the spirit of his officers and men was as necessary to his great victories as his own command.

The present Lord Nelson, third Earl, is Horatio Nelson, born in 1823, son of the second Earl Nelson, who was nephew, maternally, to Admiral Viscount Nelson's brother, the first Earl Nelson. The former title of Viscount Nelson became extinct on Admiral Lord Nelson's death; while the Barony passed to his brother, a clergyman, who was created an Earl. The present Earl and Baron Nelson resides at Trafalgar House, Salisbury. His father's name was Bolton, previously to his accession to the Peerage.

As a companion Illustration to that of the scene on board the Victory at this appropriate commemoration of the eighty-first anniversary of the historical battle, we present that of Lord Nelson in the action, on board the same ship, on Oct. 21, 1805. Of course, every man, woman, and child in England has to read the glorious story; and visitors to the Royal Naval College, at Greenwich, may see, in its Museum, an interesting model of the fleets engaged in the battle, each in the precise position that it actually occupied, at anchor during the terrible fight which continued four hours of the afternoon. The combined French and Spanish fleets, under Admiral Villeneuve, numbering thirty-three line-of-battle ships, had been destined by Napoleon to cross the Bay of Biscay and come up the British Channel, to aid the passage of the French army of invasion from Boulogne, and to descend upon our south coast. They were blockaded in the port of Cadiz by the British fleet under Admiral Collingwood, while Lord Nelson, who had just returned from a cruise to the West Indies, was in England. No time was lost in sending out Nelson to take the command, and he joined the fleet on Sept. 29; after which, by a feigned withdrawal of part of his fleet, opening the blockade, he allowed Villeneuve to put to sea, on Oct. 19, but two days afterwards closed with the enemy off Cape Trafalgar, where the memorable engagement took place. The hostile fleet, greatly superior both in ships and in guns, was drawn up in the form of a crescent; while Nelson, who had but twenty-seven sail of the line, divided them into two columns—one led by himself, in the Victory, the other by Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign—designing to break the enemy's line in two places at once. The action began at noon, when Collingwood first advanced, engaging the Spanish ship Santa Anna; and Nelson, a quarter of an hour later, went forward to attack the Santissima Trinidad, but soon found himself simultaneously engaged with the French ships Bucentaur, Neptune, and Redoubtable, each carrying seventy-four or eighty guns. He quickly disposed of the Spaniard; but, in dealing especially with the Redoubtable, the two ships lying close alongside each other, and being entangled so that they could not separate, a most obstinate and deadly combat ensued for an hour and a half; they incessantly poured their broadsides of double-shot guns across each other's lower decks, and both ships took fire; but, on board Nelson's ship, the fire was readily extinguished. The French ships had on their upper decks, and on the masts and in the rigging, a large number of riflemen, aiming at the British officers; one of them, from the mizen topmast of the Redoubtable, shot Lord Nelson on board the Victory, and he fell at the feet of Captain Hardy, saying, "They have done for me at last; my backbone is broken." He was carried below to the midshipmen's quarters in the cockpit, where he lay an hour dying; the bullet had entered his left shoulder, and lodged in the spine. Before the hero expired, he had the gratification of being told that the enemy was completely defeated, fourteen or fifteen ships having struck their flags in surrender, while others had been sunk, burnt, or blown up. "That is well," he said to Hardy; "but I bargained for twenty to be taken." The battle, however, under the command of Collingwood, went on for another hour after Nelson's death; and the final account showed nineteen French and Spanish ships captured, six or seven others sunk, and of the remainder all but two were so disabled as to be easily taken next day. The prizes, however, were in such a wrecked and battered condition that only four could be brought to England, and the others were burnt. Seven thousand of the Frenchmen and Spaniards were killed, and twenty thousand became prisoners, many of whom were long confined in the gloomy buildings erected on Dartmoor. The loss of the English fleet was but 1690 killed and wounded. By this great battle, on Oct. 21, 1805, the naval power at the disposal of Napoleon was effectually destroyed; the invasion of England was rendered impossible; and though, before the end of that year, Napoleon defeated the armies of Austria and Russia, and became master of the Continent, he never again had the means of attacking Great Britain or any of her possessions; and his subsequent overthrow, beginning with the Peninsular War, must be ascribed in some degree to the victory of Nelson at Trafalgar.

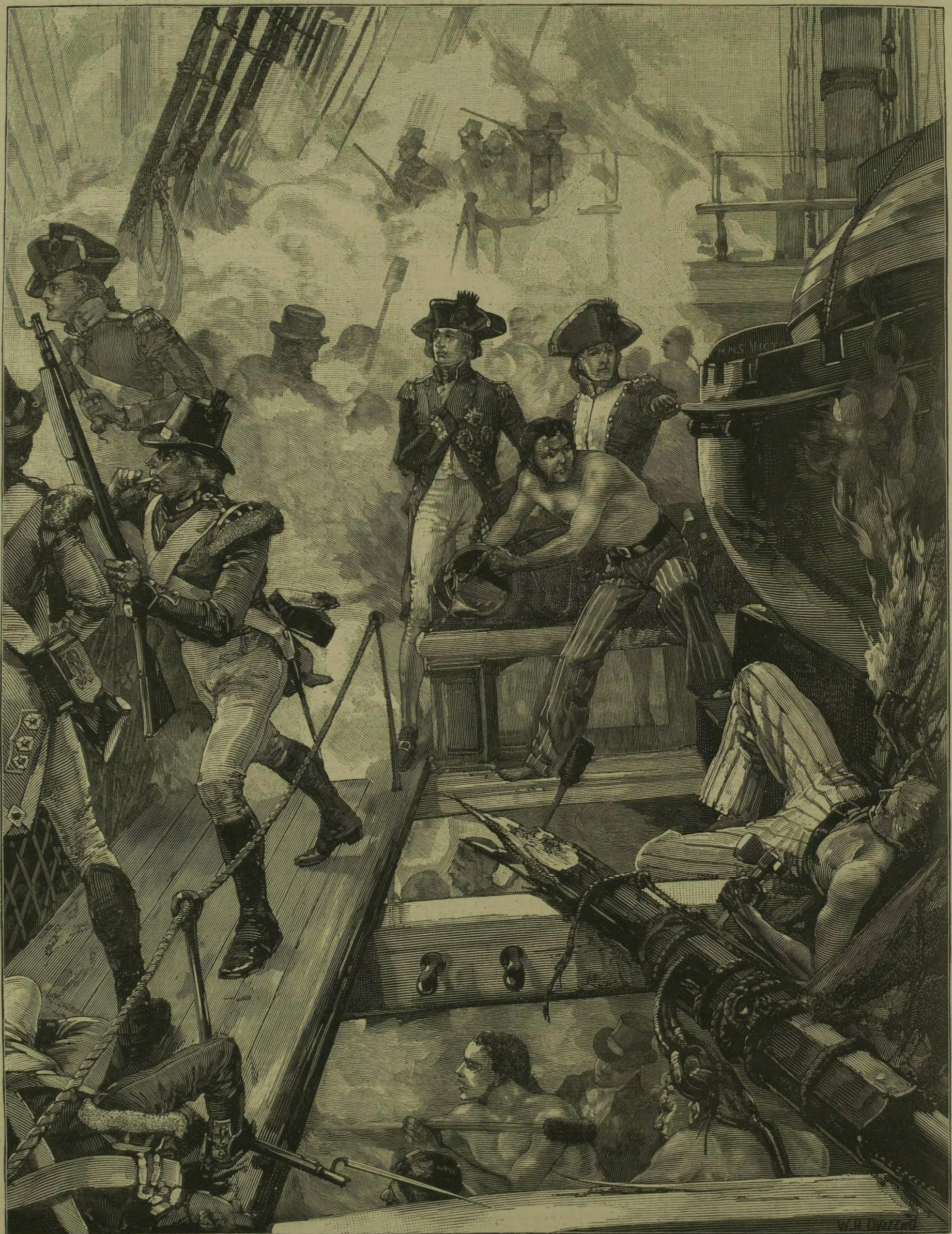
The Royal Naval Club in London, with Vice-Admiral Curms in the chair, celebrated the anniversary by a dinner at Willis's Rooms.

In London 2647 births and 1406 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 136, and the deaths 167, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Mr. Monk, who formerly represented Gloucester, has offered to subscribe £1000 towards the revival of the Cathedral School in that city, threatened with extinction by the proposed new statutes, and by the great falling-off in the chapter revenues.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett on Tuesday presided over the annual conference of the National Union of Conservative Associations at Bradford. Various questions, several relating to the organisation of the party, were discussed, and Lord Randolph Churchill gave an address on foreign policy and the position of the Conservative party. In the evening he made an important speech, dealing largely with the Irish question and the programme of the Government.

COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.



H.M.S. VICTORY ON OCT. 21, 1805, AT TRAFALGAR.

THE FIRST LORD NELSON JUST BEFORE RECEIVING HIS DEATH WOUND.

COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

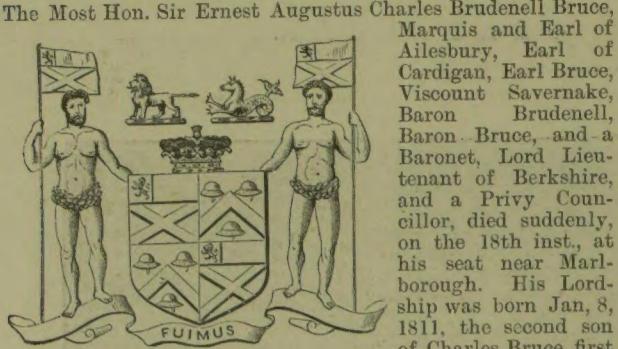


H.M.S. VICTORY ON OCT. 21, 1886, AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE PRESENT LORD NELSON DISTRIBUTING PRIZES TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE PORTSMOUTH CHURCH HIGH SCHOOLS.

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF AILESBOURY.



The Most Hon. Sir Ernest Augustus Charles Brudenell Bruce, Marquis and Earl of Ailesbury, Earl of Cardigan, Earl Bruce, Viscount Saverne, Baron Brudenell, Baron Bruce, and a Baronet, Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire, and a Privy Councillor, died suddenly, on the 18th inst., at his seat near Marlborough. His Lordship was born Jan. 8, 1811, the second son of Charles Bruce, first

Marquis of Ailesbury, K.T., by Henrietta Maria, his first wife, daughter of Noel, Lord Berwick, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. For nearly half a century he represented Marlborough as a Conservative in Parliament, and twice held office as Vice-Chamberlain, from 1841 to 1846, and from 1852 to 1858. He succeeded to the family honours at the death of his brother, George William Frederick, second Marquis, K.G., Jan. 6, 1878. He married, Nov. 25, 1834, the Hon. Louisa Elizabeth Beresford, daughter of the second Lord Decies, and had issue two daughters, Lady Louisa Caroline Meux and Ernestine Mary, Countess of Listowel, and five sons, the eldest of whom, George John, Lieutenant 14th Hussars, born in 1839, married Lady Evelyn Mary Craven, and died at Ajaccio, in his father's lifetime, in 1868, leaving a son, George William Thomas, Viscount Saverne, now fourth Marquis of Ailesbury, born 1863, and a daughter, Mabel, born in 1866.

VISCOUNTESS MOUNTGARRETT.

The Right Hon. Frances Penelope, wife of Henry Edmund, present Viscount Mountgarrett, and only child of Mr. Thomas Rawson, of Nidd Hall, Yorkshire, by Frances Penelope, his wife, daughter of Colonel Plumbe-Tempest, of Tong Hall, died on the 19th inst., at 77, South Audley-street. Her marriage took place Feb. 11, 1844, and its issue consists of one son, the Hon. Henry Edmund Butler, late of the 1st Life Guards, and of one daughter, the Hon. Frances Sarah Butler.

THE REV. THOMAS CROSKERY.

The Rev. Thomas Croskery, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Magee College, Londonderry, died on the 3rd inst. He was born in 1830, and educated at Belfast and Down. In 1851 he was licensed by the Presbytery, and went to America, where he remained for some time. On his return, he edited the "Banner of Ulster," and filled several Ministerial charges. In 1875 he was appointed Professor of Logic in Magee College, and succeeded, at the death of Professor Richard Smyth, M.P., to the chair of Systematic Theology. He was author of "Plymouth Brethrenism: a Refutation of its Principles and Doctrines."

THE REV. J. Y. GIBSON.

The Rev. James Young Gibson, the translator of Cervantes into English verse, and one of our most eminent Spanish scholars, who died on the 2nd inst., was born in 1826, the son of Mr. William Gibson, of Edinburgh; was educated for the Scottish Ministry, and held for two years a charge at Melrose. Ill health, however, caused him to retire, and he thenceforward devoted himself to travel and study, acquiring a mastery over German and Spanish literature. Besides his published works, he has left an almost complete translation of Spanish ballads relating to the Cid.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Sir Herbert Macpherson, Mr. E. W. Godwin, and Mr. Blake-Humfrey, whose portraits and memoirs are given on another page.

Sir R. Sheffield, Bart., on the 24th inst., suddenly, in his sixty-third year. His memoir will be given next week.

Mr. Charles Duncan, Procurator Fiscal of Aberdeenshire, one of the most prominent men in the north of Scotland, on the 14th inst.

The Rev. Richard Symes, Vicar of Cleeve Yatton for forty-six years, Prebendary of Wells and Rural Dean, on the 18th inst., in his ninety-first year.

Dr. Alexander Dyce-Davidson, M.A., Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Aberdeen, on the 22nd inst., suddenly, in his class-room, at Marischall College, aged forty-one.

The Hon. Caroline Esther Drury-Lowe, widow of Mr. William Drury-Lowe, of Locko Park, Derbyshire, and youngest daughter of Nathaniel, second Lord Scarsdale, on the 16th inst., aged seventy-eight.

Rear-Admiral Montagu Buccleuch Dunn, at Lansdown, Bath, on the 12th inst., aged sixty-six. His naval service extended over a period of twenty-four years, and on several occasions he distinguished himself greatly.

Monsignor George Talbot De Malahide, a Canon of the Vatican, and cup-bearer to H.H. Pius IX. He was fifth son of James, third Lord Talbot of Malahide, and brother of the late Lord; was born in 1816, and entered the Church at an early age. He was employed on various occasions by the Pope.

Mr. J. Tom Burgess, F.S.A., formerly editor of the *Leamington Spa Courier*, and afterwards of *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, aged fifty-eight. He was author of "Old English Wild-Flowers," and of "Historic Warwickshire," besides being a contributor to historical and archaeological publications.

Colonel Edward Fleetwood Hesketh, of North Meols Hall, in the county of Lancaster, J.P., Barrister-at-Law, Colonel 13th L.R.V., suddenly. He was born in 1834, the youngest son of Mr. Robert Hesketh, of Rossall, at one time High Sheriff of Lancashire, and brother of the late Sir Peter Hesketh Fleetwood, Bart.

The Hon. Robert Lowther Byng, Captain R.N. (retired), at his residence at Southsea, on the 15th inst. He was born June 29, 1842, the second son of Major the Hon. Robert Barlow Palmer Byng (who was killed in the Indian Mutiny), and brother of the present Viscount Torrington. A patent of precedence was granted to him in 1884. He served in the Ashantee War, 1873-4; and with the Congo Expedition.

Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Queensland, who has been visiting this country, left London last Saturday to resume his duties at Brisbane.

Sir Charles Tupper, G.C.M.G., C.B., High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada, and Executive Commissioner for the Canadian Government at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, has arrived in England.

Last week nine steamers landed live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports, bringing a collective supply of 1014 cattle, 1700 sheep, and 9022 quarters of beef. The imports, in comparison with those of the preceding week, show an increase in cattle and fresh beef.

THE LATE STORMS AND FLOODS.

The week before last, especially the latter days of that week to Saturday, the 16th inst., will for some time be remembered in many places of the south and west of England, and of Wales, for the destructive effects, both at sea and on land, of a series of violent tempests, accompanied with deluges of rain. Some of the disasters to shipping, with much loss of life, were mentioned in our last, when the services of the Life-Boat Institution, and of the Volunteer Life Brigade connected with the Rocket Stations maintained along the coast by the Board of Trade, were duly commended. The damage to public and private property ashore was also considerable; and we now give illustrations of the destruction of the electric railway at Brighton, by the waves of the sea, and of a bridge over the river at Aberystwith, by the flood meeting an extraordinary high tide, which occurred on Friday, the 15th, when the storm was at its height.

At Brighton and its western extension, the old village of Hove, a huge strip of the well-known sea beach, several yards in width, seems to have been torn away, extending eastward to a point nearly opposite the Grand Hotel; but farther on, towards the town, and especially between the Aquarium and the Chain Pier, the fury of the waves has wrought signal havoc; and this scene is represented in a sketch, by Mr. R. Richardson, which is put before our readers. A portion of the electric railway, resting upon woodwork in the part where the line passed outside the terrace to go under the pier, became a complete wreck, the timber supports being torn away out of the ground, while the iron rails were twisted and broken. The seaward part of the western esplanades was in some places washed away; and the smooth even surface of the beach in front of them was transformed into a jagged line of crumbling sand and gravel; but the sea-wall and protecting groynes withstood this tremendous attack. Some expense will probably be incurred in providing for the future security of the West Pier, the esplanades, and the ornamental gardens, and in restoring the paths which are defaced, and the seats that were carried away by the sea; the intercepting sewer may also require additional protection. Multitudes of spectators at different points watched the storm till midnight, as the tide came in, and the waves occasionally seemed to dash quite over the floor of the Chain Pier, while the spray rose 30 ft. or 40 ft. high, whirling over the esplanade.

On the Welsh coast, both in the Bristol Channel and in Cardigan Bay, the tempest was frightful, and the rivers were at the same time swollen by deluges of rain. The Rheidal, a few miles above the seaside town of Aberystwith, rose in flood, overwhelming the railway and stopping the trains; the water burst into the railway station of that town, where two hundred passengers were waiting to depart by a midnight excursion train to London; it covered the platform, the floors of the booking-office and waiting-rooms, while the gas was extinguished, and they remained in the dark, till boats were sent to their relief. In the streets of Aberystwith the water was from 5 ft. to 10 ft. deep, and in hundreds of houses the poor families were forced to take refuge in their upper rooms. Very great distress has been caused to the poor; and the Mayor, Mr. G. Green, asks subscriptions to a charitable fund. The marine promenade and sea-wall are greatly damaged; and one of the county bridges, a structure of five spans, was destroyed; also one span of another bridge higher up the river. Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. J. Thomas, of Aberystwith. In Merionethshire, the river Mawddach, from Dolgelly to Barmouth, was likewise in flood, and the adjacent railway was damaged.

The state apartments at Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

By the will of the late Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort, his great art collections remain in the possession of his widow, after whose death they go to Lord Rothschild, of London.

Formal judgment was pronounced on Monday in the case of the Derry election petition, Mr. Lewis being declared unseated and Mr. Justin McCarthy duly elected.

An honorary citizenship of Hamburg has been conferred upon Mr. Gustav Schwabe, a London merchant, who made the Hamburg Art Gallery a present of 128 valuable oil paintings, mostly by English artists, in addition to a gift of £20,000.

The Lord Mayor has fixed this (Saturday) afternoon for the ceremony of dedicating to the use of the public the Gravel Pit Wood of seventy acres, Highgate, given by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to the Corporation of London for the enjoyment of the people.

Mr. Stanhope, who was present at a dinner given at the Grand Hotel yesterday week in honour of Mr. Gordon Sprigg, announced that her Majesty had conferred on that gentleman the Knight Commandership of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, in recognition of his services in Cape Colony.

At a meeting of the creditors of the Inman Steamship Company at Liverpool on the 22nd inst., it was resolved to sell the fleet and business of the company to the International Navigation Company for £205,000, which, after paying off the mortgages on the vessels, would leave sufficient to pay the unsecured creditors about ten shillings in the pound.

A town's meeting was held at Sheffield yesterday week, under the presidency of the Mayor, in aid of a new local school of medicine. Amongst the speakers were the Archbishop of York, Sir Andrew Clark, Sir F. Thorpe Mappin, M.P., Mr. Stuart-Wortley, M.P. (the Master Outler), and Archdeacon Blakeney. To carry out the project £6000 is needed, one half of which has been raised.

At the Typographical Conference on Saturday last, resolutions were adopted in favour of admitting women as members of unions provided payment was in accordance with the scale for men, and urging reasonable restrictions in the number of apprentices. The delegates to the conference were entertained at dinner in the evening, at which Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., responded for the trades' unions of the United Kingdom.

The entrance scholarship of £125 at St. George's Hospital Medical School, open to the sons of medical men, has been awarded to Alfred J. Lattey; that of £90, open to students who have passed the Cambridge first M.B., to W. S. Lazarus Barlow; and that of £65, open to students who have passed the Cambridge second M.B., to G. B. Courtney. The two open scholarships of £50 each have been awarded to G. Y. C. Hunter and F. N. MacVicars.

Princess Louise was present at a meeting yesterday week at the Mansion House in furtherance of the work of the Recreative Evening Schools Association. The Lord Mayor presided. Canon Barker, Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., Mr. H. G. Rawson, Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., and other gentlemen addressed the meeting. It was resolved that a public meeting should be held in the city of London at an early date to raise funds to enable the association to extend the field of its operations. A vote of thanks was given to Princess Louise for her attendance and the great personal interest she had taken in the scheme.

AGRICULTURAL SCENES: OCTOBER.

HEDGE-TRIMMING.

The hedgerows of England preserve to it its garden-like character. They appear to occupy in fee simple the soil of the country, whilst the husbandman, by making clearances, has possessed himself of fields on which to grow corn. Either woodlands or meadows, or bare rock and naked water make up the primitive picture of these islands. Hedges fence in from the outside world in this realm of ours such delightful gardens that many a man possesses a paradise of his own. But such hedges are mostly grandiose and stately, such as the yew-hedge, with its magnificent green wall, or feudal when thick with bristling holly, or trim and precise when of quickset or privet: all relatively artificial and betraying their origin as made by men to fence and shelter man's private possessions. But what may be called our wild hedgerows—the hedges of our fields—have their own character of originality, and may be accepted as really the oldest inhabitants of the parish: relics of the old woods that once clothed the country. Possibly, for this reason, the naturalist may always go to the hedge-row to find many common, yet otherwise rare, specimens of England's flora and fauna. The hedgerows are cities of refuge for British birds, and they are peopled by animated life not found elsewhere. The meteorologist is reminded by Georges Sand that wild plant life found in the open fields or exposed hedgerows marks the comparative date of the season much more accurately than the flowers and plants of our gardens. Winter is last to leave the north hedge-row, where January snows lurk sometimes until April, and spring comes first to the sweet south hedge-row, summoning into new life often in February those lords and ladies in waiting, the arums, which usher in the processional plants of the summer season. The man whom the reader sees trimming the October rampant hedge of the Rectory must be reckoned a valiant workman, happy in his work; and why? Because he is doing that which rarely, if ever, fails to give satisfaction: he is creating order out of disorder, he is setting crooked things straight; he is making a trim and efficient fence of what was straggling, and spending uselessly its life and strength. If manners maketh man, so, too, do hedges make a home looking tended and cared for, or disorderly and gappy. How to plant and make hedges is not advice here needed, for plashing and staking, planting and tending them demand long chapters. But it may be remarked that our roadside and hedge trimmings are not yet so fully utilised as they might be. Nettles and many other plants might be set aside, and go into a silo, so as to form a food that will fatten stock; and weeds, twigs, and rushes, &c., form, as used in Brittany and many other districts of the Continent, the only litter which is afforded to the cattle. Properly, as in the picture, the hedge is being cut upwards. To trim downwards is simply to split and shiver the stems upon which the strength of the fence depends. Only a careless and ignorant workman would trim a hedge downwards. In winter the hedges become

Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang; yet, then, frequently they take a rich and rare beauty upon which the snowflakes cluster and charm the dullest imagination. No Hedge whom I have ever met has been so insensible to beauty as not to take delight in a snow-laden or frost-bespangled hedge-row! The English counties which claim precedence for their hedges are—first, Devon, with its sunken lanes, above which the dual hedgerows form, in summer a triumphal arch of greenery; but neighbouring Somerset, faithful Worcester, central Gloucester, delightful Surrey, and home-making Kentish hedgerows may all lodge their claims to be regarded as dear—to the poet, for their wild liberty; to the painter, for their charm of colour, bulk, and spray outlines; and to the naturalist, for the wren and the whitethroat, the common wild flowers, and other treasures that country-folks will not willingly let die.

H. K.-J.

THE TITHE DISPUTE IN WALES.

The agriculturists, landowners, and clergy of North Wales have during the past two months had a subject of dissension which ought to be easily settled by some fair and equitable legislative measure. The Tithe Commutation Act, fifty years ago, was intended to fix a money rent-charge upon the owners of agricultural land, that should be equivalent to the market value, from time to time, of the exact quantities of wheat, oats, or barley which made up the legal tithes by the estimates of that period. It has happened in some parts of the country, we are told, by the transfer of portions of estates to new owners, and by changes in the local practice of agriculture, that the old estimates have become no longer fairly applicable. The greatest inequalities prevail in many Welsh parishes; and it is stated by Mr. E. Swetenham, M.P., a Conservative defender of the rights of the tithe-owners, that in one parish there is good land paying only sixpence an acre, while poorer land in the same parish has to pay two shillings and sixpence an acre. Where the culture of wheat or other grain has increased, the tithe paid by a farmer has been raised from £20 or £25 to £40 or £45, contrary to the supposed intention of the Act, and in spite of the fall in prices of corn. The Welsh farmers, being mostly Dissenters from the Established Church, show very general impatience of this impost, although it may truly be said that the tithe is not meant to be a tax upon the occupier of land, but a rent-charge on the property of the landowner; and that if the tenant has to pay it, in the first instance, as he has to pay the land tax and the property tax, he ought to deduct it from the rent which he pays to his landlord. It appears to be the fact that many farmers are deprived of this remedy by the terms of their contracts for the holding of the land.

In August and September, it will be remembered, a large number of farmers in the Vale of Clwyd formed an association to demand a general reduction of 15 or 20 per cent in the tithes, which being refused, the parish clergymen was obliged, in several instances, to obtain the legal process of distraint upon farming stock or other goods; but the auctioneers who attempted to sell these goods, at a public sale, in the customary manner, found their proceedings exposed to inconvenient obstruction.

We present Sketches of the village church at Llanarmon, and of St. Peter's-square, Ruthin, the places where the earliest scenes of this kind occurred; but we are happy to learn that in Denbighshire, since the beginning of October, the dispute has been very generally appeased by the clergy allowing a reduction of 10 per cent, which has been accepted by the farmers. The agitation, nevertheless, has been spreading in other counties; in Flintshire, where the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are the chief owners of the tithes, the demand of the tithe-payers is met with an official refusal; and in Cardiganshire there are lay tithe-owners, whose attitude is equally firm. It is expected that a bill will be brought forward by the Ministry, in the next Session of Parliament, for a readjustment of the tithe-charge all over England and Wales, to distribute the burden more equitably, and to collect it from the landlords by direct payment, instead of from the occupying tenants.

The Sketches engraved are by Mr. W. S. Rawson, of Manchester.

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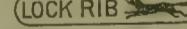
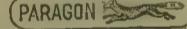
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AGRICULTURAL SCENES—OCTOBER: TRIMMING HEDGES.



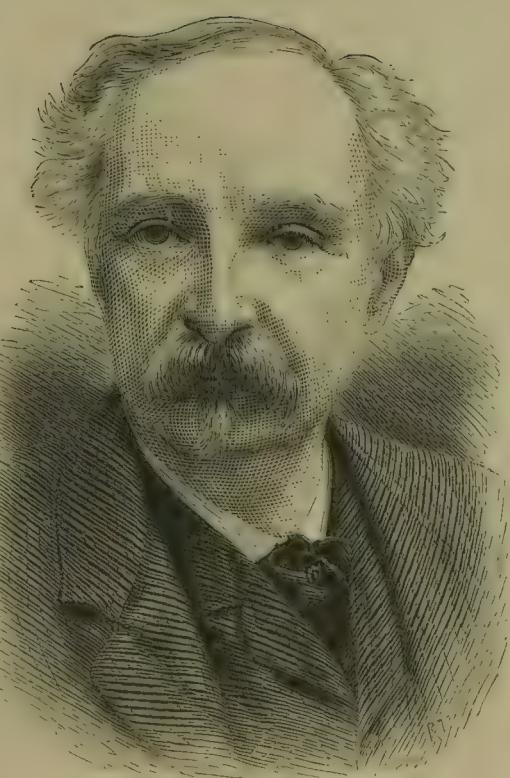
THE LATE MR. BLAKE-HUMFREY,
A PENINSULAR VETERAN.

THE LATE SIR HERBERT MACPHERSON.
The death, on Thursday week, at Prome, in Lower Burmah, of General Sir Herbert Macpherson, Commander-in-Chief of the British military forces in Burmah, and Commander of the Madras Army, is a serious loss to the public service. He was about fifty-nine years of age, and was a younger son of Colonel Duncan Macpherson, of the 78th Highlanders. At the age of eighteen he got a commission in the same regiment, with which he served in the Persian expedition of 1857, and in the relief of the British garrison at Lucknow, the same year, and the subsequent conflicts there, under Sir Henry Havelock, Sir James Outram, and Lord Clyde. Captain Macpherson was twice



THE LATE GENERAL SIR HERBERT MACPHERSON, K.C.B., K.S.I.,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN BURMAH.

wounded, and received the Victoria Cross for his "heroic gallantry" in the fighting of Sept. 25, 1857. After the Sepoy Mutiny War he married Maria, daughter of General Eckford, C.B. In 1867 Major Macpherson obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and next year took part in the campaign against the Hazaras. He was present at the Looshai Expedition in 1871-2, and the Jowaki Campaign in 1877. A more serious war was then approaching, and Colonel Macpherson received the command of the First Brigade First Division of the army gathering on the northern frontier of the Punjab against the Afghans. His brigade took part in the engagement which led to the forcing of the Khyber Pass, and the expedition into the Kama and Lughman Valleys, and in the various engagements around Cabul. He was present in both the fights at Charasiab, and his conduct was mentioned in despatches. When the news of the disaster at Maiwand reached Cabul, and Sir Frederick Roberts performed his famous march to Candahar, Colonel Macpherson was in command of the First



THE LATE MR. E. W. GODWIN, F.S.A.,
ARCHITECT.

Infantry Brigade, and won his K.C.B. at the battle in which Ayoub Khan's army were driven from the position they had chosen. When the Egyptian war broke out, Sir Herbert Macpherson was appointed to the command of the division furnished by India; and, proceeding with it to Egypt, took part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He was twice mentioned in despatches, received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his services, was made K.C.S.I., and decorated with the Star of the Second Class Order of the Medjidieh, and the Star of the Khedive. On Oct. 1, 1882, he obtained his promotion as Major-General. At the conclusion of the Egyptian campaign, he returned with his Division to India, and was then appointed to the command of the Allahabad Division; and in



THE TITHE DISPUTE IN WALES: LLANARMON CHURCH.



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THE BRIDGE AT ABERYSTWTH, DESTROYED BY THE FLOOD.



THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY AT BRIGHTON, DESTROYED BY THE STORM.

1885 received the chief command of the Madras Army, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. In August of the present year he was appointed to the supreme command in Burmah; and a force was placed at his disposal which would, it was thought, prove ample for the pacification of the country. After completing all arrangements for the campaign, he sailed to Rangoon, and was examining the reports sent to him by the various district officers, preparatory to a final decision as to the plan of the campaign. The telegraph last week brought the news of his being attacked by fever, and, two days later, that of his death.

Lord Iddesleigh and Sir Lyon Playfair were on Saturday last nominated as candidates for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University. The polling has been fixed for to-day.

A new twin-screw corvette, the *Forth*, was successfully launched at Pembroke Dockyard last Saturday, and named by the wife of Admiral Mayne, M.P.

Mr. J. S. W. S. Erle-Drax, of Oulantigh Towers, Kent, has again returned to his tenants 10 per cent of their half-year's rents, making 20 per cent for the year ending at Michaelmas Day.

The reopening of the Extra-Mural Medical School last week was marked by the readmission of women to medical education in Edinburgh, after an interval of more than twelve years. The first year's course comprises, as usual, anatomy and practical anatomy, chemistry and practical chemistry. The ladies' class consists at present of six students, most of whom have just passed the preliminary examination in arts held by the Educational Institute of Scotland on behalf of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. The classes are conducted by Dr. Macdonald Brown and Dr. Stevenson Macadam respectively.

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THE LATE MR. E. W. GODWIN, F.S.A.

The profession of architects has lost an esteemed member by the death of this gentleman, last week, at the age of fifty-two. Mr. Godwin, who was a native of Bristol, was at first educated for an engineer. He was employed two years in Ireland upon work in that department, after which he settled in London, becoming an architect, and designed and superintended many important buildings. Among these were the Townhalls of Northampton and Congleton, and the mansions of several noblemen—that of Earl Cowper, at Beauvale, Nottinghamshire; also Castle Ashby, for the Marquis of Northampton; and Dromore Castle, in Ireland, for the Earl of Limerick. He designed and erected, in London, Mr. Whistler's "White House," in Tite-street, Chelsea; the facade of the Fine Art Society, in New Bond-street; and other private residences of distinction. For some years past, Mr. Godwin had devoted much study to the application of the fine arts to the construction, arrangement, and adornment of theatres. His recent performance in the reproduction of a classical Greek theatre at Hengler's Circus is within the memory of our readers; while none who saw them will have forgotten the taste and skill with which he arranged the open-air representations of "The Faithful Shepherdess," and "Fair Rosamond," for Lady Archibald Campbell and her friends, among the sylvan glades and verdant lawns of a suburban villa in Surrey. The archaeological learning of Mr. Godwin, upon many points of detail, was generally acknowledged. He was a valued member of the Society of Antiquaries. His skill as a draughtsman was shown by the marvellous rapidity, as well as correctness and beauty, of his drawings. The funeral of Mr. Godwin, at Wilcot, in Oxfordshire, was attended by his family and some personal friends.

A PENINSULAR VETERAN.

The late Mr. Robert Blake-Humfrey, J.P. and D.L. for Norfolk, who died at his residence, Wroxham House, in that county, on the 15th inst., aged ninety, was a veteran of the Peninsular War. He was son of Thomas Blake, Esq., of Scottow and Norwich. In 1812 he was gazetted to the 3rd Buffs, and served with that regiment in Spain; he was present at the battles of the Nivelle and Nive. In the latter engagement, Lieutenant Blake was wounded by grape shot in both legs, and suffered amputation of the left leg on the field. He received the Peninsular medal and two clasps for those battles, and a pension for the loss of a limb. In 1838, he married a daughter of Colonel Harvey, of Thorpe Lodge, Norfolk, sister to the late General Sir Robert Harvey, K.C.B.; and has left three sons and four daughters. At the death of the Rev. John Humphrey, in 1847, Mr. Blake succeeded, under Mr. Humphrey's will, to the estates of Wroxham and Kurdiston, in Norfolk, and assumed the surname of Humphrey, after and in addition to that of Blake. In 1868, he inherited the estates of his elder brother, Dr. Thomas Blake, LL.D., who had sold the family property at Scottow, and purchased Heygate Hall, Horstead, in Norfolk. His eldest son succeeded to the property of the late Colonel Mason, of Neeton Hall, Norfolk, in 1878; and served as High Sheriff in 1885.

A gold medal at the Liverpool Exhibition has been awarded to Messrs. Horrocks, Miller, and Co., of Preston.

Our Portrait of the late General Sir Herbert Macpherson is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street; that of the late Mr. E. W. Godwin, from one by the London Stereoscopic Company; and that of the late Mr. R. Blake-Humfrey, the "Peninsular Veteran," from one by Mr. H. C. Jennings, of Norwich.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW BESS LISTENED FOR HIS STEP.

It was not until nearly midnight that Mr. Brinjess came home—a late hour even in London, where they turn night into day; but at Deptford there is not so much as a single drinking-house open at that hour, and everyone, rogues and honest men, the virtuous and the abandoned, are all alike in bed and asleep. The moon was full and the street was as light as day. Over the Penman's shop the lattice-window was partly open.

"It is Bess's room," said Mr. Brinjess. "She is asleep, and dreaming of her Lieutenant. And he hath forgotten her. 'Tis pity she had not listened to Aaron's voice. He hath surely forgotten her, seeing that he hath well-nigh forgotten me, and asked no questions at all concerning her. Sleep on, Bess: sleep on, my girl. To-morrow thou wilt not sleep at all: and the next day, or the next, will come the whirlwind! Perhaps the sight of thy charms . . . but I know not . . . I know not. Our honest lad is changed."

He opened the door of his shop, and went into his own den.

At nine of the clock, or thereabouts, when the early chins had been shaved, and the wigs dressed and sent round to the gentlemen, Mr. Peter Skipworth, the Barber, found time to run across the street to his gossip and neighbour the Penman.

"Great news, Mr. Westmoreland!" he cried. "Great news for Deptford!"

"Why?" asked the Penman. "Is another Czar coming here?"

"No—no. But the Lieutenant has come home."

"Lieutenant Easterbrook?"

"What other? He came up the river last night, in command—think of that! the Lieutenant in command!—of a prize sent here to be repaired and added to his Majesty's Navy. The Admiral ordered his negroes to get drunk, so great was the worthy gentleman's joy; and now they lie like hogs at the Sir John Falstaff, and cannot yet be awakened, though 'tis nigh twelve hours since they rolled over."

"Lieutenant Easterbrook, who once was Jack, whom I taught the elements of navigation—he hath returned?" Mr. Westmoreland was slow of catching news, being always wrapped in the study of mathematics.

Bess stopped her work at the first mention of his name, and listened—her heart beating, and her cheek now flushed, now pale. Oh! he was come home again!

"We have not yet seen him," the Barber continued; "though I expect he will come to have his hair dressed and his chin shaven. None other hand but mine shall touch him, I promise you. The landlord of the Sir John Falstaff says that a more gallant gentleman he hath never set eyes upon."

"Ha!" said Mr. Westmoreland. "That the Lieutenant is safe and sound, I rejoice. But the brave boy who was so good at his figures, he, neighbour, will no more return to us. He is gone, and will never come back again. Where is he now—that boy? Where are now all the boys who have since grown into men? What has become of them? I doubt he will forget his humble friends and well-wishers." The Barber ran back to his own shop. "Dost remember the Lieutenant, Bess?"

But Bess made no reply. He was come back—her splendid lover! How could she answer her father's prattle, or think about anything but Jack and love? Already she felt his arms about her neck, and his kisses on her cheek; and she was suffused with blushes and the glow of happiness.

She would not, she thought, betray her eagerness and her joy. Therefore, she went about her household work as usual, yet with a beating of her heart and expectancy, as if he might send the Apothecary's assistant for her at any moment. When all was done, and the whole house as neat and clean as my lady's tea-table, Bess went up-stairs to her bed-room, and began to prepare for her sweetheart, her heart filled with gladness and pride that he was come home again in a manner so glorious; and with terror, also, lest she might have lost some of her charms. She looked in her glass. Nay, she was more beautiful, she saw plainly, than when he left her nigh upon three years ago: her eyes were brighter, her figure fuller, her lips redder, her skin whiter, her cheeks rosier. If Jack loved her for her beauty he must needs, she knew, and smiled at the pleasing thought, love her now much more. Then she drew his letter from her bosom, where it lay wrapped in its silken bag, and read it all over again, knowing the words by heart. "There is not," it said, "in all the world a more beautiful girl than my Bess, nor a fonder lover than her Jack."

She put on her finest and best—with the coral beads which Jack had given her to hang round her neck, and the ribbons—also his gift—would he remember them as well? She dressed her hair in the way that he used to love, and then, when all was ready, she stole down the stairs, and so out by the back way to the Apothecary's parlour, that bower of love, though it was not also a bower of roses and fragrant flowers.

The room was empty. In the shop sat Mr. Brinjess, in his place, the great book before him; the assistant, James Hadlow, stood at the counter rolling and mixing, and the shop was filled with women who had brought sick children.

"Mr. Brinjess," cried Bess.

"Ay. . . Ay, my girl," he replied.

"He has come home," she cried, heedless now of the women and their gossip.

"Very like—very like—so they tell me."

"So they tell me!" she echoed, laughing. "As if it mattered nothing. Yet he will but shake hands with the Admiral and come here. 'So they tell me,' he says."

"I come, Bess," he replied, looking at her sadly; "I come in a few minutes. Now, you women who have had your answer and your physic, take your brats away. This morning I am benevolently disposed, and will cure them all. Go away, therefore, and prate no more. I come in a few minutes, Bess."

So she waited, glowing with the anticipation of her lover's welcome, her eyes soft and humid, her bosom heaving; and what with the tumult of her soul and her finery—for, as I have said, she had put on her coral and her ribbons—and all his gifts, looking truly a most beautiful creature. At half past twelve Mr. Brinjess closed his great book, descended from his stool, and came into the parlour.

"I have seen him, Bess," he said. "I saw him last night."

"Oh! you have seen him, and you did not wake me up to tell me. You have spoken to him. What did he say? How doth he look? What did he ask about me? What messages did he send? And is he wounded? Is he safe and well? Oh! but he will be here directly. Even now his step may be in the street—Listen!—no—not yet—he will come to tell me! Why—you tell me nothing. Once you said that my Jack might forget me. I will not tell him that, Mr. Brinjess, because he is masterful, and I would not anger him against you. Why, you tell me nothing. I have put on all the things he gave me. Am I looking well? Do you think he will find me changed?"

"For your questions, Bess, I looks strong and well, though somewhat changed in manner, and colder than of old; and to some of us he might have shown more civility. For me, I complain not, though he gave me but a cold hand; but Mr. Shielocke may justly complain, and Mr. Underhill—though one, truly, was but a supercargo, and the other but the purser."

"Jack can never forget his old friends," said Bess, "any more than he can forget his old love. But he is now in command of a prize."

"Bess, my girl," said Mr. Brinjess, very earnestly, "don't build hopes on the promise of a sailor. My dear, I know the breed, all my life, being now past four score and ten. I have lived among sailors. I tell thee, child, I know them. With them, it is out of sight out of mind. When a man goes fighting, hath he room in his mind for a woman? And the more a woman loves a sailor, the less he loves her. If he hath forgotten thee, my dear, let him go without a tear or a sigh, for there are plenty other men in Deptford who would gladly possess thy charms."

"Stop!" she cried, flying out suddenly, "Why, you are talking like a mad thing! You don't know my Jack. How should you know him? How should you know any men except the pirates, your old friends, and the rough tarpaulins who come here to be healed? Who are you, a little common apothecary, to talk of men like the Lieutenant? How are you to know the ways of the King's officers? Why, if you have been to sea in a King's ship, 'twas only to mess with the Midshipmen and the Purser's Mate."

"Well, Bess, well," he replied, not angry, but bearing the attack with meekness. "That shall be as you please. If your man is constant, he will seek thee here, in the old place. If he is not, we will, I say, be reasonable, and expect no better than others receive."

"Oh! If you were a young man—a man like Aaron," cried Bess, "Jack should beat you to a jelly for this."

"Ay, ay—very like, very like. You shall beat me if you like, my girl. Bess," said Mr. Brinjess, looking her earnestly in the face, "if it would give you any pleasure, and bring your lover back, you should beat me yourself till you could lay on no longer."

"My lover will come back to me," she replied. "He will be here this morning or this afternoon. Of course, he will come as soon as he can."

"Perhaps. But he is changed. He sat among the gentlemen of the Club last night, but it was to please the Admiral, not himself. He wanted none of our company. I sat beside him, but he asked me no question at all. What!—should I not know the lover's eyes? Bess, he hath forgotten thee."

"You a . . . li . . . er!" she replied, springing to her feet, as if she would take him at his word and lay on till she could lay on no longer. "You say this because you are old and ill-tempered, and envious of younger people's happiness. Who are you that Jack should remember you? Who but a common sailors' apothecary—and he a Lieutenant in Command?"

"Ay, ay, my girl; pay it out. I am a sailors' apothecary. I am old and envious. Pay it out. I value not thy words—no, not even a rope's yarn—because, Bess, I love thee, my dear, and I would not see thee unhappy about any man. What is a man worth beside a lovely woman? If I were a woman, would I throw my love away upon a single man? Two years and more hast thou wasted upon this fine lover, who, when he comes back, hath never a word to ask—not even, 'How fares my Bess?'"

"Why," said Bess, "how could he ask concerning me, before those gentlemen? Say no more, Mr. Brinjess, for I would not be angered and show a red cheek when he comes. You know that I am easily put out. Besides, you are only laughing at me, and I am a fool to fly out. Jack will come to me as soon as he can leave his ship. Very likely he will not get away until the evening."

So she sat down on the window-seat, and recovered her spirits, feeling no doubt at all, nor any misgivings, and began talking merrily of what she would say when he came, and what he would say to her, and how they would brew him a glass of punch such as he loved, before they suffered him to say a word of his own adventures, and how she would fill for him a pipe of tobacco, thinking—poor wretch!—that her lover was unchanged not only in his affections, but also in his manners.

Then Mr. Brinjess made his dinner. That is to say, he fried his beefsteak and onions, and presently ate them up, with a tankard of black beer. After dinner he took a glass of punch, filled and smoked a pipe of tobacco, and then, rolling himself in his pillows, fell fast asleep, as was his wont.

Bess meantime, her wrath subdued, sat in the window seat, waiting. But the step she looked for came not.

So passed the afternoon.

Towards three o'clock, Mr. Westmoreland, who had been so much occupied with his work that he forgot his dinner, began to feel certain pangs in the internal regions, which he at first attributed to colic, and blamed himself for greediness at meals; but as the pain increased, and became intolerable, he pushed away his papers, and sat up, suddenly remembering that he had not had any dinner at all, and that these were pangs of hunger. Three o'clock, and no dinner! Where in the world was Bess?

He was accustomed, however, to small consideration from women, and proceeded to rummage in the cupboard, where he found some cold provisions, off which he made a very good dinner. Then, as the day was fine, and the sun shining, he stood in the doorway enjoying the warmth.

As he stood there, he saw, marching up the street, no other than the Lieutenant himself, whom he recognised, though he was greatly changed, having now not only filled out in figure and become a man, who when last seen was a stripling, but having acquired the dignity of the quarter-deck, and the assurance which comes of exercising authority.

However changed, Jack did not forget his old friend.

"What!" he said, "Mr. Westmoreland! Thou art well, I hope, my friend?"

"I am better than I deserve to be, Sir, and glad to see your honour safe home again."

"Why, Mr. Westmoreland, the bullet that has my heart for its billet hath not yet found me, though it may be already cast for aught I know. Thou art still busied with logarithms?"

"By the blessing of Heaven, Sir," said Mr. Westmoreland, "I have had much to do, both in the advancement of fine penmanship and the calculation of the logarithmic tables."

Jack nodded and passed on; but he remembered something, and laughed. Then he hesitated, and looked back into the Penman's room.

"You had a daughter, Mr. Westmoreland—Bess, her name was, and a comely girl. I hope she is well. But I see her not in the shop. No doubt she is married long ago, and the mother of thumping twins."

He laughed, and nodded, and went on his way.

"My daughter, your Honour," Mr. Westmoreland began, but the Lieutenant was already out of hearing.

"Now," said the Penman, "saw one ever a better heart? He not only remembers me, which is natural, seeing that I was

his instructor, but he remembers my girl as well. Where is Bess? She will laugh when I tell her. Mother of twins! Ho, ho! 'Thumping twins!' he said; Bess will laugh."

About four in the afternoon Mr. Brinjess woke up, and slowly recovered consciousness, until he felt strong enough to take his afternoon punch; after which he sat up, and became brisk again, looking about the room, and remembering all that had been said.

"Bess," he cried, "hath your lover come?"

She shook her head.

"Courage, my girl, courage. Perhaps when he sees thy comely face again he will remember. What! To be loved by such a girl would fire an Esquimaux or a Laplander. Take courage, therefore. There is no more beautiful woman in Deptford, Bess. Take courage."

"I am waiting for my sweetheart," she replied, coldly. "Why should I take courage? He hath been delayed by his affairs. He will come presently."

"Bess," Mr. Brinjess whispered, "there is a way to bring him back."

"To bring him back? This old man will drive me mad!"

"There is a way, Bess. The old negro woman gave thee a charm to keep him safe from shot and steel. She will give thee one, if I compel her, to bring him to thy knees. Nay, she will not at thy bidding. And for why? Because she wants Miss Castilla to marry the Lieutenant. Yet, if I compel her, she will make thee such a charm. Then he must needs come straight to thee, his heart mad with love, though a hundred fine ladies tried to drag him back."

"I know not what you mean."

Mr. Brinjess took up his famous magic stick, the stick with the skull upon it. "It is by virtue of this stick, which gives its possessor, she believes, greater Obeah wisdom than she hath herself attained unto. Wherefore, if I order her to do a thing she cannot choose but obey, else I might put Obi upon her. She hath given me the secrets of all her drugs, by means of which, if I live long enough, I may find out the greatest secret of all, and be like unto the immortal angels. She shall obey me in this as well, Bess. Say but the word, and she shall bring him back, though Castilla die for love of the handsome Lieutenant."

"No, no," said Bess. "He has not forgotten me."

"Child, I know that he has. Why, when he went away, if he thought of you his eyes softened. He could not look upon me without remembering his days spent in this room. Yet his eyes softened not. Believe me, he will come here no more. It is strange. . . . I know not what will happen. . . . Sure I am that I shall sail once more upon the Southern Seas, with Jack upon the quarter-deck. A dozen times or more have I inquired of Philadelphia, and still she sees a ship with Jack—and me—and you, Bess—you. Why, I am ninety years of age, and more, girl. Shall I get that charm for thee? If I could get it no other way I would even bribe her with this stick, when all my Obi leaves me, and I shall cause and cure diseases no better than the quacks of Horn Fair and of Bartholomew."

But Bess shook her head.

"I will have no charm," she said. "If Jack will forget me, let him forget me. But he has got my name tattooed upon his arm and he has got my lock tied round his wrist. If these will not charm him back, nothing else shall."

So she fell into silence. But at seven in the evening, when Mr. Brinjess put on his wig and coat for the club, she arose and went home.

"Why," said her father, "where hast been all day, girl? There was no dinner. Well; it matters not," because her face warned him not to rebuke her, "it matters not, and, indeed, I found enough cold bits in the cupboard. But, Bess, thou hast missed a sight."

"What sight?"

"The sight of a gallant gentleman. I have seen the Lieutenant. He passed by this way to the Admiral's. 'Tis a brave officer now, no taller, perhaps, than when he left us last; but then he was a stripling, and now he is well filled out and set up as brave and comely as one would wish to set eyes upon."

"And he came to the shop to see me, then?"

"You, Bess? Why should he wish to see you? No . . . A gentleman like that cannot be expected to remember a mere girl. But he had not forgotten me, for when I saw him and took off my cap to him, he stopped and kindly asked me how I fared. His Honour is not one who forgets his humble friends."

"Did he ask after me?"

"He did, I warrant. He said, 'You had a daughter, Mr. Westmoreland.' So he looked into the room as if he would give you, too, a greeting; but no one was there. So he said, 'But she is married long ago, I dare swear, and hath thumping twins by this time.' 'Thumping twins,' he said, Bess. His Honour was always a merry lad. He remembered me directly; and he hath not even forgotten thee, Bess. Do not think it."

He had not, indeed. But his remembrance was worse than his forgetfulness. Better to have been forgotten than to be thus remembered.

Then her father left her, to take his pipe and have his evening talk with his cronies; and Bess was left alone in the house. Just so, nearly three years before, she had been left sitting by the fire, when her lover came to her and embraced her, with words which he had now forgotten but she remembered still! Oh, if he should now, as then, lift the latch, and find her there alone, and she could fall upon his breast and tell him all the things in her heart!

She listened for his footstep. Other steps passed by the house, but not the step she looked for; and then her father came home, cheerful and full of talk about the gallant deeds of the Lieutenant, and she must needs give him his supper and listen and make reply.

The Apothecary was right when he said, "Sleep on, Bess, sleep on. Thou wilt sleep but little to-morrow night."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"HE HATH SUFFERED A SEA CHANGE."

Our Lieutenant was engaged all the morning with the Port Admiral and with the Navy Office, but in the after part of the day the Admiral made a great feast for him, as he had done on his last return, to which I was bidden with the rest. But the change which I perceived in him greatly surprised me, and, indeed, all of us. For the young sea-cub, rude in speech and careless of behaviour, was quite gone. Behold in his place a gentleman of polite manners, and as careful of his speech as if he had been all his life in St. James's-street. This was indeed astonishing.

There are, it is certain, too many Captains in the King's ships who have never known better company than they find in a Portsmouth tavern, so that the ridicule which has been lavished upon naval Captains is not undeserved; there are also ships which are no better, as a school of manners for the young officers, than Portsea Hard, so that the Lieutenants and Midshipmen in such vessels hear nothing but rough language with profane swearing, and, even at the Captain's table, which is copied in the ward-room and the gun-

room, find the manners of a Newcastle collier. There are also Captains, who should never have left the polite part of town, because they pine continually for the pleasures of the theatre and Ranelagh, the clubs of St. James's-street, Covent-garden suppers and gambling-houses; who reck of bergamot, and appear daily on the quarter-deck dressed as if for the park, and in their hair not a curl out of place, or a single touch of pomatum and powder abated. These men are not those who crowd all sail in pursuit of the enemy, and hasten to lay yard-arm to yard-arm. The sailors call them Jacky Fal-las, and respect nothing in them but their authority over the cat-o'-nine-tails. Other Captains again there are (under one of them it was Jack's good fortune to serve) who possess such manners, and in their cabins exhibit and expect such conversation and behaviour as one finds in the most polite assembly, yet are no whit behind the most old-fashioned sea-dog in courage. What could we expect of Jack when he came home to us, after four years spent in wandering among savages, and in a French prison among common sailors, but that he should be rude and rough? What else could we expect, after sailing under a commanding officer of good birth and breeding, than that he should return with polished manners and softened language?

This fact explained part of the change which had taken place in him. But it did not explain all, for Jack, who had formerly avoided the society of ladies, now astonished us by his demeanour towards Madam and Castilla, especially the latter, whose conversation he courted, addressing himself to her continually, so that she was fain to blush under his manifest and undisguised admiration.

This would not have been wonderful in any other man, because eyes of heavenly blue, light brown curls, delicate features, a lovely shape, and the sweetest complexion in the world, might well call forth admiration. But Castilla could boast the same charms, though not so ripe, three years before, when they moved him not a whit. Rather, he regarded them with the contempt of one who has only eyes for the darker charms. Alas! the same look was gathering in his eyes—the look of tenderness and of a hungry yearning—while he gazed upon Castilla which had wont to be kindled by the black eyes of our poor Bess.

"Now," cried the Admiral, when Madam retired with Castilla, "Fore Gad! we'll make a night of it. Clean glasses, ye black devils, and brish about! Jack, I hope the liquor is to your liking. I love the Mediterranean, for my own part, because the wine is cheap, and strong, and plenty. Drink about, gentlemen, and when you are tired of the port we will have in the punch. Gentlemen, let us drink the health of the Lieutenant!"

So the bottle began to fly, and the company presently grew merry, and all began to talk together, every man speaking of the glorious actions in which he had taken part; and, as is natural when the heart is uplifted with generous wine, every man thinking that the victory was won by his own valour. Thus, the Admiral related how he had planted the British flag on the island of Tobago; and before he had finished the narrative Mr. Shelvoke interrupted in order to tell the company that it was he alone who had, with his own hand, sacked and burned the town of Payta, and it was he who boarded the Spanish ships on their escape from Juan Fernandez; next, the good old Admiral struck in again to explain who it was that had made Sir Clodesley Shovel's victories possible. Captain Mayne, at the same moment, remembered that the powerful assistance he had lent to Admiral Vernon at Portobello had never been properly set forth by historians; and so on. But our hero, who had seen already more engagements than any man present, though he was not yet twenty-four, spoke little, and I observed, which was indeed remarkable in a naval officer, and would be, in this drinking age, remarkable in any man, that he did not drink deep. Presently, when the others were flushed in the cheeks, and some of them thick of speech—the first signs of drunkenness—Jack rose, saying,

"By your leave, Admiral, I will join the ladies."

"What?" said the Admiral. "Desert the company? Exchange the bottle for a parcel of women? For shame, Jack, for shame! The punch is coming, dear lad: sit down—sit down."

But Jack persisted, and I rose too.

"Go then!" the Admiral roared, with a great oath. "Go then, for a brace of gulps!"

The ladies, who expected nothing but an evening to themselves, as is generally their lot when the men are drinking together, were greatly astonished at our appearance.

"Indeed, Jack," said Castilla, "Luke, we know, does not disdain a dish of tea with us. But you—oh! I fear you will find our beverage as insipid as our conversation."

Formerly, Jack would have replied to this sally that, d'ye see, Luke was a grass comber and a land swab, but that for himself, there was no tea aboard ship, and a glass of punch or a bowl of flip was worth all the tea ever brought from China—or words to that effect. Now, however, he laughed, and said, "Nay, Castilla, was I ever so rude as to find your conversation insipid? As for your tea, it will, certainly, since you make it, be more delicious than all the Admiral's port."

At this she blushed again, and presently made the tea and gave him a cup with her own hands, hoping it was sweetened to his liking; and he drank it as if he was accustomed to taking it every day, though I know not when he had taken tea last. He would not, however, drink a second cup, which shows that he did not greatly admire its taste. Now, at the Rainbow, in Fleet-street, I have seen gentlemen who will take their six or seven cups of tea one after the other at a sitting. And the same thing may be seen with ladies when the hissing urn has been brought in and the tea goes round.

Then Castilla asked him a hundred questions about his cruise and his battles, which Jack answered modestly and briefly, while still in his eyes I marked that look of admiration—I knew it well—growing deeper and more hungry, and Castilla, observing it too, continually blushed and stammered, and yet went on prattling, as if his looks fascinated her, as they say that in some countries a snake will so charm a bird that it will sit, still singing, until he darts upon it and swallows it up.

After this, he asked her to sing. Her voice was gentle and sweet, but of small power, and in the old days it had no charms for him, compared with the strong, full voice which was at his service in the Apothecary's parlour. But she complied, and sang all the songs she knew, in succession.

Jack listened, enthralled. "'Tis well," he said, with a deep sigh, "that we have no Castilla on board."

"Why, Jack?"

"Because life would be so sweet that the men would not fight, for fear of being killed."

"Thank you, Jack," she said. "I never expected so fine a compliment on my poor singing."

"There never were any Sirens on board ship," I said, clumsily. "They are always on land, and sing to lure poor sailors to destruction."

"Fie for shame, Luke!" cried Castilla. "That was not prettily said. Am I trying to lure Jack to his destruction, pray?"

We all laughed; and yet, when one comes to think of that evening, I perceive that this innocent creature was actually

and unconsciously playing the part of the ancient Siren, because she certainly lured the Lieutenant to the fate that awaited him.

Then Jack offered to sing, somewhat to my dismay, because I remembered certain songs which he had formerly bawled at the Gun Tavern and in the Apothecary's parlour. However, he now sang, his voice being modulated and greatly softened, an old sea-song with a burden of "As we ride on the tide when the stormy winds do blow" very movingly, so that the tears stood in Castilla's eyes.

We heard, in the next room, the voices of the Admiral and his guests growing louder and faster, and conjectured that the evening would be a short one. This speedily proved true, and the negroes wheeled every man home to his own house, except the Admiral, whom they carried up-stairs. As for us, Madam went to sleep in a chair, and we sat down to a game of Ombre, Jack showing himself as pleased with the simple game we played as he had been with the tea and the singing. At the same time his eyes wandered from his cards to Castilla's face, and he played his cards badly, losing every game.

"I cannot remember, Jack," said Castilla, when we finished, "that you were fond of cards when last you were at home, unless it were All Fours."

"He also played," I said, "Cribbage, Put, Laugh-and-Lie-Down, and Snip-Snap-Snorem"—all of these being games over which, when played with Bess, he had shown great interest.

"Nay," he replied earnestly, "I entreat you, Castilla, to forget wholly what manner of man that was who came home to you in rags. Think that he had been for two years among the Midshipmen, and then for three years among the savages and the Spaniards, and then was thrown into a French prison to mess with common sailors. If you do not forget that rude savage, forgive him, and understand that he has gone, and will no more be seen. As for the things he did, I look upon them with wonder. Why, if I remember aright, Luke, that sea-swab did not disdain to fight a smuggler fellow at Horn Fair before all his friends."

"He did not, Jack," I said. "But we loved the sea-swab."

"We should have loved him better, Luke," said Castilla, gently, "if he had given more of his company to ourselves and less to the Apothecary. I know how his afternoons were spent, Sir," she nodded and laughed, and he changed colour and started; but, of course, Castilla knew nothing about Bess.

"He is gone," Jack repeated, "and I hope that a better man has taken his place. As for your society, Castilla, he must be an insensate wretch indeed who would not find himself happy when you are present."

"Thank you, Jack"; she made him a curtsey and smiled, yet blushed a little. "I perceive that another man indeed has taken his place. Poor honest Jack! He spoke his mind, and loved not girls. Yet we loved him—perhaps"—she looked up at him, but dropped her eyes beneath his ardent gaze. "Perhaps, before long?"

"Perhaps, Castilla," said Jack, earnestly, "you may be able to love the new man better than the old."

"It is late," she said, blushing again. "Good-night, Jack." She gave him her hand, which he held for a moment, looking down upon the pretty slender creature with eyes full of love. And then she left us, and went to bed.

I declare solemnly that I had loved Castilla ever since I could talk; yet in one evening this sailor made fiercer and more determined love to her than I in all those years. Indeed, as she hath since confessed to me, she knew not, and did not even so much as suspect, that I loved her.

"Come into the open, dear lad," said Jack, presently, after a profound sigh. "Let us go into the garden, and talk."

In the garden, what with the twilight of the season and the full moon, it was as bright as day, though eleven o'clock was striking by St. Nicholas' Church clock. We walked upon the trim bowling-green, and talked.

"There is her bed-room," said Jack, looking at the light in Castilla's chamber. "See, she has put out the candle. She is lying down to sleep. What—oh, lad!—what can a creature like that, so delicate and so fragile, think of such rough, coarse animals as ourselves? Do you think that she can ever forget or forgive the rude things I have said to her? Do you think she remembers them, and would pay them back?"

"Jack, Castilla has nothing to remember or to forgive. Do you think she harbours resentment for the little rubs of her childhood?"

"She is all goodness, Luke; of that I am convinced. She is as good as she is truly beautiful; of that I need not to be told. As for her beauty, there is nothing in the world more lovely than the English blue eye and fair hair. It is by special Providence, I suppose, and to reward us for hating the Pope and the French that they are made as good as they are beautiful."

"Did you always prefer fair hair to dark, Jack?" I asked, in wonder that a man should have so changed and should have forgotten so much.

"As for what I used to say and think, dear lad, let that never be mentioned between us. Why, it shames me to think of what an unmanly cur I must have seemed to all, in those days. Talk not of them, Luke, my lad."

Poor Bess! She was included among the things belonging to those days. I dared not question him further.

"It is our unhappiness," he went on, "that, though we would willingly remain on shore, honour and our own interest call us to go to sea again. Therefore, I know not how far a man who is at present only a Lieutenant might hope to win so fair a prize as Castilla. To be sure, she is a sailor's daughter, and knows what she would expect as a sailor's wife. Yet to leave her alone, and without protection! She would have you, to be sure, for her protector, while I am gone."

Heavens! It was not yet three years since he had solemnly committed another woman to my care. Had he quite forgotten that?

"In a word, Jack," I said, with bitterness in my heart, "you have seen Castilla, since your return, but three or four hours, and you are already in love with her."

"That is true," he replied. "I am in love with her. Why," he laughed, "you are thinking, I dare swear, of three years ago, when you caught me in a certain summer-house, kissing another girl."

I acknowledged that I remembered the fact. "Is she," I asked, "quite forgotten? Yet you swore that you loved her, and vowed constancy?"

"Well, my lad, every sailor is allowed to be in love as often as he comes ashore, for that matter. And, as for the girl—what was her name?—I believe I did make love to her for awhile.... And now I hear that she is married, and already the mother of twins."

"Who told you that?"

"Her father, the Penman."

"But it is not true, Jack. How could he have told you such a thing? Bess hath never forgotten you."

"True, or not true, I care not a rope's-end. I am in love with Castilla. Already, you say? Why the very man who did not fall in love with this sweet creature at the very first sight of her would not be half a man. I expect to fight my way through a hundred suitors, to get her hand. The Admiral

loves me, and I think he would willingly make me his son-in-law. But I must go to sea once more, before I can offer to marry her. Therefore, for her sake, I shall go to London, and turn Courtier. I shall attend the nobleman who once promised me an appointment. He hath now, doubtless, forgotten both the making and the breaking of that promise. That matters nothing. I shall pay my court to him. I shall practise those arts by which men creep into snug places: it needs but a supple back and an oily tongue. Come to see me in a week or two, and I will wager that I shall be his Lordship's obedient servant, and that he will presently give me a command, if only of a pink; and that Castilla shall be promised to me."

All these things came to pass, indeed. Yet the result was not, as you shall learn, what he looked for.

(To be continued.)

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 24, 1885) of Mr. Joseph Firbank, late of St. Julians, Newport, Monmouthshire, and of Grove-lane, Denmarke-hill, railway contractor, who died on June 29 last, was proved on the 15th inst. by Joseph Thomas Firbank, the son, Edward James Phillips, and John Throssell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £298,000. The testator leaves his leasehold house in Grove-lane, with the furniture and effects, his plate (wherever it may be), and £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Firbank; an annuity of £2000 to her during widowhood, she maintaining and educating sons under twenty-one and unmarried daughters; his residence St. Julians, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son Joseph Thomas; part of the St. Julians estate to the extent of about 400 acres, and railway plant to the value of £5000, to his said son Joseph Thomas; other part of the St. Julians estate, certain brickmaking plant, railway plant to the value of £5000, and all his leasehold property at Christchurch and Newport to his son Charles Herbert; a house in Leicestershire, Christchurch, and all his property at Hendon, Middlesex, to his son Christopher George; his houses in Old Christchurch-road, and his property at Cricklewood, Middlesex, and to his son Walter; his farm lands in Bedfordshire and £1000 to his son Edward James; his property at Melton Mowbray and Rugby, and an annuity of £100, to his son Godfrey; £10,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Oakley and Miss Mary Firbank; an annuity of £260 to his son William; and legacies to executors, nephews, clerks, and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons—Joseph Thomas, Charles Herbert, Christopher George, Walter, Edward James, and Godfrey.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of Fife, of the trust disposition and settlement (executed April 3, 1882), with a codicil (dated Nov. 15 following), of Mr. George Clerk Cheape, of Strathtyrum and Wellfield, who died on June 25 last, granted to Alexander Cheape, the brother, and George Clerke Cheape and James Cheape, the nephews, the acting executors-nominate, was resealed in London on the 12th inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £308,000.

The will, with two codicils, of Mr. John McKinnell, formerly of Manchester, Liverpool, and Rio de Janeiro, but late of Homewood, Atkins-road, Clapham Park, who died on Aug. 25 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by Mrs. Isabella McKinnell, the widow, Edward Darbyshire, and Frederic Hirtzell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £49,000. The testator has left £200 each to his executors, £200 to his widow for immediate use, together with household furniture, plate, &c.; £9000 in legacies to nephews and nieces, £1300 to godchildren, £50 each to four charities in Manchester, £50 each to six charities in Liverpool, £50 each to ten charities in London—all free of legacy duty; the residue to his widow, for life, and, on her death, to nephews and nieces.

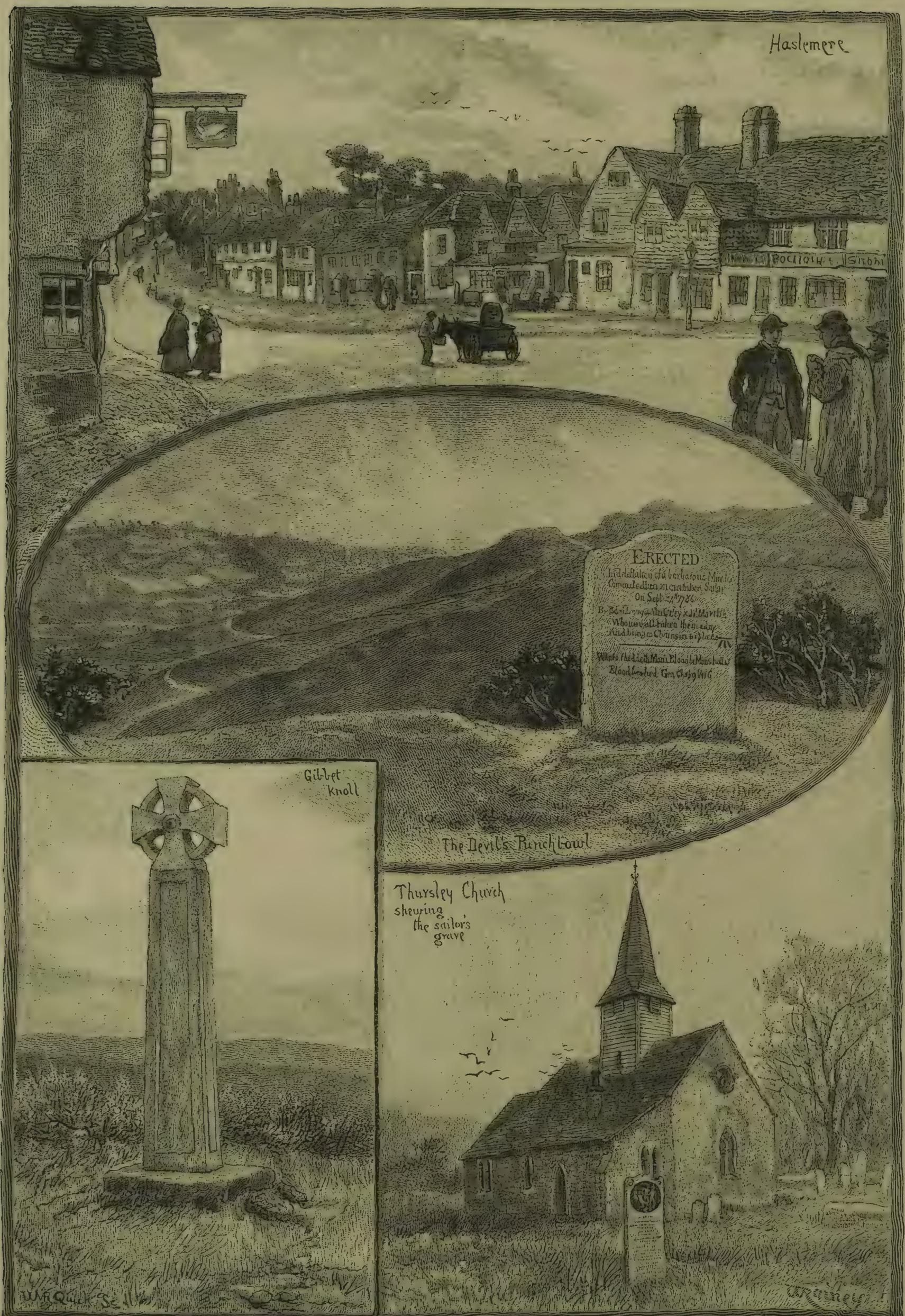
The will (dated Nov. 20, 1883), with two codicils (dated June 25, 1884, and May 13, 1886), of Mr. Evan Evans, late of Mill House, Neyland, New Milford, Pembrokeshire, who died on July 25 last, was proved on the 12th inst. by David Evans and John Evans, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testator makes various gifts, some of large amounts, to, or upon trust for, children, nieces, persons employed by his late firm of Richard Evans and Co., and others. He also bequeaths £100 Consols to the Rector and churchwardens of Llantrissant, upon trust, to apply the dividends in keeping his vault in repair, and the balance, if any, for the poor of the parish. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephews, the said David Evans and John Evans, in equal shares.

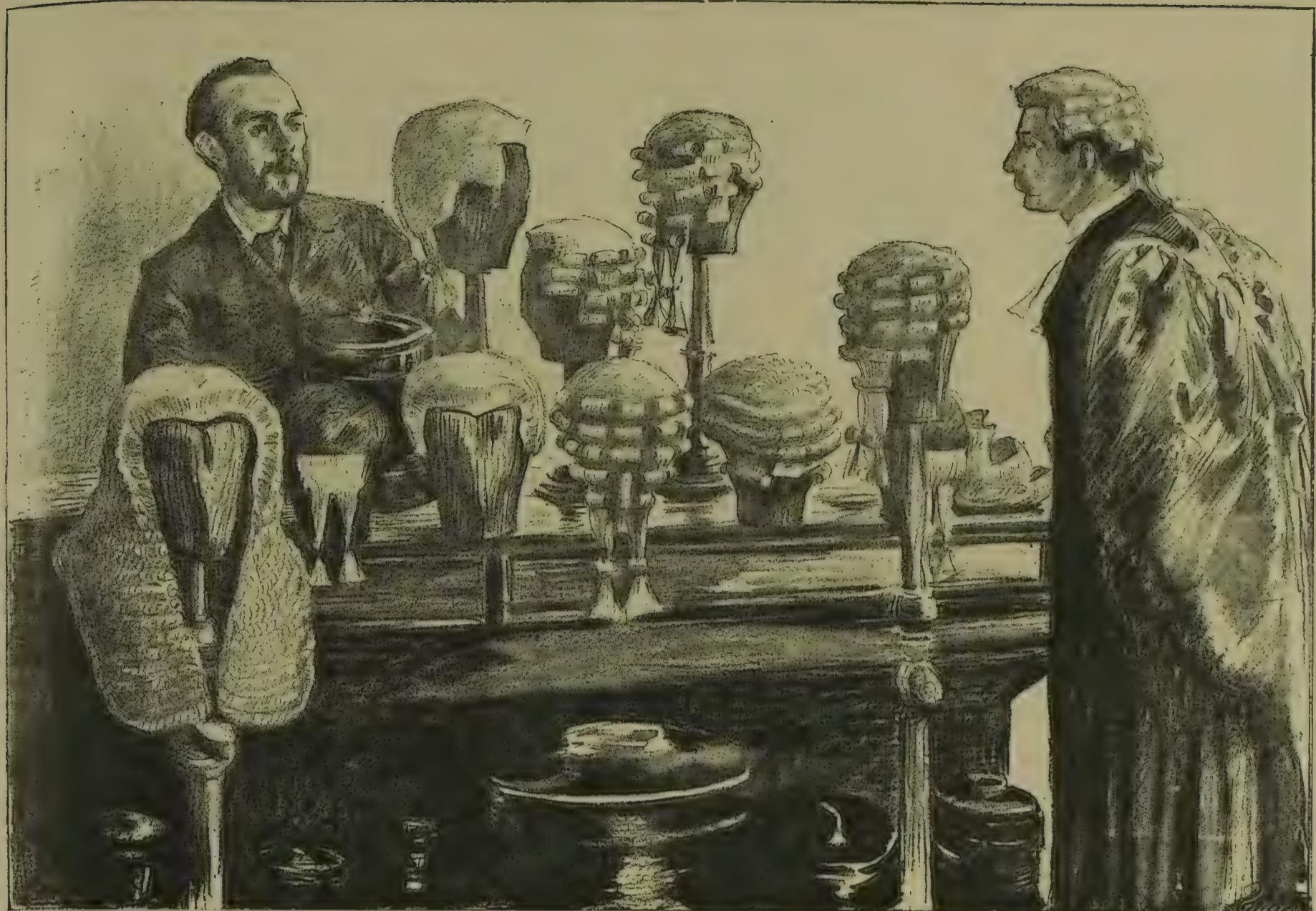
The will (dated May 22, 1885) of Mr. Henry Devenish, late of The Lawn, Whitchurch, Hants, who died on the 2nd ult., was proved on the 14th inst. by Mrs. Amelia Devenish, the widow, Henry Weston Devenish, the son, and Samuel Salter Gouldsmith, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator leaves £300 and his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; his residence and an annuity of £600 to her for life; and £100 to each of his other executors. The residue of his property he gives to his daughter, Amelia Florence, and his son, Henry Weston, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 10, 1886) of Mr. Edward Lane Parry, late of No. 53, Onslow-square, Kensington, who died on Aug. 15 last at Ascot, was proved on the 11th inst. by Mrs. Caroline Emma Parry, the widow, Miss Caroline Mary Parry, the daughter, and the Rev. Edward William Chapman, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator gives his residence, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, for life; £1000 to his said daughter; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his property he leaves upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his daughter.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1885) of Mr. James Taniere, late of No. 3, Albion-place, Ramsgate, who died on Aug. 13 last, was proved on the 15th inst. by Mrs. Hannah Taniere, the widow, Thomas Gilbert Hocking, and Edwin Gilbert Hocking, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator bequeaths £100, and his plate, furniture, and effects, to his wife, and some other legacies. The income of the residue of his property he leaves to his wife, for life; at her death he gives annuities to sisters-in-law and others, and the ultimate residue to his sister-in-law Frances Amelia Monroe.

The will (dated Aug. 29, 1885) of Mr. John Hathornthwaite Winder, late of Lindow House, Lancaster, who died on Aug. 20 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Arnold Winder and Charles Aston Winder, the sons, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testator leaves his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Winder, for life, and then for his daughter, Emily Frances; £100 per annum to his wife, for life; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for all his children.





ARMING FOR THE FRAY.



A RAINY DAY IN CAREY-STREET.

HASLEMERE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The fair county of Surrey, with its area of but 748 square miles, affords almost every variety of inland scenery that the heart of man can desire. It abounds with wooded hills, with lanes hidden between sandy banks and over-arched by noble forest trees, with parks which unite the freedom of nature with the skill afforded by art, with green valleys fed by streamlets of pure water, with pine forests, and, above all, with glorious stretches of heath-land, bright with purple and gold. Then, what charming villages and hamlets nestle among the trees, what ancient village churches, what lonely farmsteads on the hillsides, what orchards and meadows! Nature here is to be seen nowhere on a large scale; but whatever she touches with her finger she adorns, and it is strange to think, while enjoying the utmost simplicity and retirement of rural life, or roaming knee-deep amidst heather, without a house or human being in sight, that you are not more than thirty or forty miles from the distractions of London.

Some of the most charming scenery in Surrey is to be found within the district of which Dorking may be called the centre. It embraces in one direction Mickleham, Norbury, Box-hill, and Betchworth; and in another, Wotton, Abinger, Leith-hill, and Albury. To know all that is worthy to be known and loved even within this narrow range will need weeks or months, during which every day will supply the pedestrian with some new scene of loveliness, so that, if a true lover of Nature, he will be ready to exclaim, in the words of the Queen of Sheba, that the half was not told him. And if, instead of Dorking, he selects the south-western corner of this county, and pitches his summer tent at Haslemere, he will find as much, if not more, to admire and to love—with this difference, however: that the scenery he explores will not be wholly that of Surrey, as the wanderer from this starting-point will often cross the borders to find equal attractions in Hampshire and in Sussex.

Haslemere, a little town with scarcely more than one thousand inhabitants, has a sleepy, contented, well-to-do look, with its wide street and straggling houses, some of which are singularly picturesque. Indeed, with the exception of an ugly building, once the Market-house, that stands out prominently as you enter the town from the railway, there is little in the place to offend the eye, and much to please it. Lodging-houses are numerous, and in the season full to overflowing; but, with one or two exceptions, there is no country prospect from the windows. It is curious, by-the-way, to note the obstinacy or indifference of builders in this respect, even where there is ample scope for choice of aspect and site. Proofs of this disregard of beauty may be seen in Haslemere and elsewhere in Surrey; but in some Sussex villages it is more conspicuous still. Crowborough, for example, is blessed with distant views, not easily to be surpassed in the South of England. There is no village street in the long, rambling place, and houses are pitched here and there in admirable confusion. In one respect, however, the builders have aimed at uniformity, and the expanse of scenery which Crowborough, from its elevated position, commands, cannot be seen without going out of doors.

To return to Haslemere. If Surrey may be called the heather county, Haslemere represents this characteristic most freely. Go where you will, you have the purple hue of the heather at your feet, bringing back happy memories of Devonshire and Wales, of Yorkshire and Scotland, where, although the scenery is grander, it is scarcely more beautiful than our Surrey moorlands. "I think I should die," said Sir Walter Scott, "if I could not see the heather once a year." And many a man, nurtured amidst its beauty, but doomed to live in London, has expressed a similar feeling. Lord Tennyson, "the best-loved man in England," has shown his affection for it by making Blackdown his summer residence; and there, too, the poet can enjoy to the full his love of seclusion. A red sign-post, on which is written "Private Road," leads to his gate; but the house cannot be seen unless the tourist be rude enough to open the gate and walk in. Mr. Jennings relates how, upon driving to Blackdown from Haslemere, the driver advised him to go round and look at the house, although the family were there. He probably declined to follow the advice, which was also tendered to the writer of this paper. It is intolerable that a great poet, because he is a great poet, should have his grounds infested by curious people who wish to be able to say they have seen Tennyson. One wonders how many of them can say that they have studied his poetry! Blackdown is one of the lions of Haslemere; another is Hindhead, commanding one of the noblest views in Surrey. In some respects, indeed, it surpasses the far-famed prospect from Leith-hill. Cobbett, who used strong language, says of Hindhead, that "it is certainly the most villainous spot God ever made"; but scenery, apart from cultivation, had small attraction for the author of "Rural Rides." On the wildest and most barren part of the moor, just before the road from the little hamlet of Crichton branches off to the headland, Professor Tyndall has built himself a house, which stands out solitary and treeless, with the heather running up to the entrance, in lieu of garden. On a dark day of winter, it would be difficult to imagine a position more lonely or more solemn; but the glory of the summer sun makes it "beautiful exceedingly." Hindhead is a spot for picnics; and the last time we visited it a bevy of girls were playing there at cricket, in a style which probably would not be considered legitimate at Lord's. On returning to Haslemere, the tourist should take the Portsmouth road, past the "Royal Huts," and the "Seven Thorns," two good inns, much frequented during the season; and then, turning to the left, if he do not lose his way—which is not impossible—he will descend the hill through one of the loveliest of Surrey lanes.

But why go back to Haslemere to-day? Summer and sunshine incline one to wander; and what more charming walk or drive can the traveller take than, by way of Bramshott-common to Liphook, where he can rest for the night in one of the most comfortable of inns, famous in the old coaching days, and now well known to cyclists? Pepys found "good, honest people" there in 1668, and good, honest people will be found there still. We are now on the verge of Gilbert White's country; and a lovely drive of ten miles will carry us to Selborne, a little town full of memories of the great naturalist, and as sequestered, or nearly so, as when he died in the house in which, seventy-three years before, he was born. White tells us that a vast hill of chalk rises 300 ft. above the village, and is divided into a sheep down, the high wood, and a long hanging wood called the Hanger, covered with beech, "the most lovely of all forest trees"; and then he writes that the village consists of one straggling street three-quarters of a mile in length, lying in a sheltered vale, and how at each end arises a small rivulet, "while in the centre, near the church, is a square piece of ground surrounded by houses, and vulgarly called the Plestor." This was the recreation-ground for the village children as far back as the thirteenth century, and answers the same purpose still. White's Selborne, described a century ago, is very much the Selborne of our day. It cannot have lost in beauty, and it has probably gained in cleanliness. Take a seat beneath the tree on the Plestor, and you will see the naturalist's house, which is no longer what it was, but has grown largely in bulk. It was

for many years the home of Professor Bell, whose scientific tastes and love of Nature enabled him to produce the finest edition of "The Natural History of Selborne" that has hitherto been published. But this is an exhaustless subject, and must therefore be avoided. This only may be added, that the book which has made Selborne famous should be studied on the spot.

A drive of five miles to Liss station, and a short railway journey, will quickly transport the rambler to Haslemere; but, while staying there, he should make a raid into a corner parish of West Sussex of almost equal interest to Selborne, and visit Harting, which has also its "History," and boasts unnumbered charms. It is a village more primitive, if possible, than Selborne; and the picturesqueness of the cottages will delight the artist. Two or three painters, future R.A.'s, perhaps, were at work in the street when we visited the place; and an old countryman in a smock-frock, standing outside the gates of the churchyard, was having his likeness taken on canvas. The wooded heights above Harting, and the glorious scenery laid open from the summit of the downs, may well make an Englishman proud of his country's scenery. This, indeed, will be his feeling, whatever direction he may take from Haslemere; and he will wonder, perhaps, why, with such wealth of beauty and of association within forty miles of the metropolis, the perverse Londoner travels hundreds of miles upon the Continent in search of what may be said to be lying at his door.

OUR RAMBLING SKETCHES.

The first scene chosen by our Artist represents Haslemere as we have seen the picturesque street on many a summer afternoon, when "the very houses seem asleep," and the smallest child may play in the road without much danger of being run over. No one is in a hurry at Haslemere, and the horses fully understand and appreciate the custom of the place. The view of the hollow called the Devil's Punch-Bowl—one of the "lions" of the neighbourhood—with the stone in the foreground, recalls a local tragedy. In that lonely spot, exactly a century ago, three sailors murdered their comrade, and rolled his body down the hill. They were caught red-handed, and hanged in chains near the spot where the murder was committed; and in "God's Acre," at Thursley, the murdered man was buried. The verses on his tombstone are more faithful than poetical. It is verily a quiet resting-place; the church, Early English in its architecture, had at one time a low wooden turret; but this has been replaced by one of stone. Leith-hill, the highest point in the south-east of England, has its tower; and Hindhead, which is only 70 ft. lower, has its cross of Cornish granite, which was erected by Sir William Erle in 1851. From the cross the view, when it can be seen, comprises several counties; but the tourist rarely, if ever, does see all that the guide-books describe as visible. Still, there is almost always space and verge enough to satisfy the not too exacting visitor.

GUIDE BOOKS.

Considering that the "fall" is the season above all others when travelling in America is delightful, the appearance at this moment of Bradshaw's *A B C Dictionary to the United States, &c.* (Trübner and Co., London), is well timed. Within very narrow limits, this useful little volume combines the chief attributes of a gazetteer and a guide-book. The principal cities, towns, pleasure resorts, &c., of the United States, Canada, and Mexico are dealt with in alphabetical order; whilst the railway, lake steamer, and river routes are so arranged and summarised that the traveller may see at a glance how best to pass from one point of interest to another. The time is probably not far distant when Europeans, or, at all events, the English, will seek in a voyage to the other side of the Atlantic that "restful change" which Americans find in their trips to Europe. Hitherto, very large numbers have been deterred by the idea that travelling in the United States is so much more expensive than in England or on the Continent. The rapid extension of the "circular trip" tickets, however, has considerably reduced the cost of locomotion; and the hotel rates, according to the "A B C Dictionary," seem now to have fallen to the Swiss level previous to its raising to meet the American taste. At Boston, for example, which may be taken as a fair specimen, the hotel charges range from two to five dollars per diem (8s. to £1) at the best hotels; and prices are still lower at those of less repute. Amongst the items of information given under the name of each town in this volume, one cannot fail to be struck with the prominence accorded to the opera-house, even in remote and small towns. Although in most places, the "opera" is probably also the principal theatre, the name suggests the desire, so strongly marked in America, to keep distinct music and the drama, and to cultivate each separately, instead of attempting to emulate the hybrid productions of Europe. In future editions of "Bradshaw's A B C Dictionary" more detailed information is promised on various points; and amongst these, we trust, may be included some more specific information as to the cost of living at such fashionable resorts as Newport, Long Branch, Nantucket, &c. The addition of a few specimen tours, with their cost and probable duration, would render the volume still more attractive to hesitating "world-trotters."

The little pocket-volume *Géneral et Chamonix* (Wyman and Sons) is one of the series of sectional guides into which the editor of the "J.E.M. Guide to Switzerland" has divided his complete work. Of the latter we have already spoken; and need only add, with reference to the present issue, that it adapts itself to the wants of an ever-increasing number of tourists, by its form, price, and the nature of the information conveyed.

Of a very different calibre, and conceived in a wholly different spirit, is M. Auguste Wagnon's *Autour de Salvan* (Georges Bridel, Lausanne), containing a careful and thorough description of that wonderful block of mountains and valleys which extends from the Dent du Midi to the Buet. M. Wagnon writes not only as an enthusiast, but as an experienced mountaineer; and his little volume should find a place in the knapsack of every Alpine climber who desires to explore a district which, within a small compass, contains more charming excursions and fine ascents than, perhaps, any other in the Alps. Salvan itself lies about an hour's walk from the Vernayaz station in the Rhone valley; and, although only about 3000 ft. above sea-level, it affords excellent head-quarters for both health-seekers and mountaineers. How its advantages can best be utilised, M. Wagnon shows in his pleasantly-written record of six summers' wanderings in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Petersen, the president of the Frankfort section of the German and Austrian Alpine Association, has succeeded in reaching the summit of the Verpeilspitz, a beautiful and very steep rocky summit in the cluster of mountains in the Oetztal, in the Tyrol. It is 11,220 ft. high.

On the 21st inst. the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Staples) gave a farewell ball at the Mansion House to the members of the Corporation of London and other guests, the company numbering in all between 800 and 900. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, with the state officials and the Sheriffs, received the guests in the saloon.

OPENING OF TERM AT THE LAW COURTS.

WIGS AND WIGDOM.

After eating so many dinners, keeping so many terms, and passing what is now a somewhat stiff examination, the student of law is in the coveted position of being qualified for "Call to the Bar." Having undergone this ceremony, he ranks as an outer barrister, a dignity more generally, and in many cases more accurately, alluded to as a "stuff." Before, however, the embryo Lord Chancellor appears in her Majesty's courts of justice, he pays a visit to a perruquier near Temple Bar, in order to be fitted with the ancient and time-honoured head-gear and robe. "Wisdom in a wig" is a well-known saying, and one in which there is no small amount of truth. A wig certainly adds solemnity to any countenance, while it inspires awe in a British jury, and forces the importance of its wearer's position upon witnesses—more especially in cross-examination. Attempts have been made, from time to time, to dispense with its use altogether; and it has even been suggested to substitute in its place the square cap of the French avocat; but, in spite of all opposition, the wig continues to hold its own as part of the official costume of Judges and barristers in the courts of Great Britain and Ireland, and is likely to do so for many years to come.

Our Artist has depicted, in one of his Sketches, the first visit of the young aspirant to judicial honours to the wig-maker, where, having tried on a wig and gown, "just to see how he looks in it," he is examining, with some degree of curiosity, the different kinds of wigs which the assistant has arranged for his inspection.

Law wigmaking is a branch of business that of late years has developed into an important industry, and gives employment to a great number of female hands. The whole process of manufacture may be seen almost any day in operation by paying a visit to one of our well-known wigmakers; where the visitor may see for himself the crude horsehair in bales, as imported from Buenos Ayres, and may watch the stages through which the raw material passes before being converted into a wig. The hair is first combed out, then sorted into lengths, after which it goes through the process of boiling, bleaching, baking, and curling, in order to prepare it for the loom, where it is woven into material of various degrees of fineness to fit it for the different blocks or models, of which there are nearly two hundred in existence.

In 1827 a wig was invented of white horsehair, which bears a close resemblance to powder. This invention enabled the Bench and the Bar to evade, without discredit, Pitt's tax on hair-powder, which at one time formed no inconsiderable portion of the revenue. The "white wig" soon became the "only wear" among those who appreciated a clean coat, and disliked the dirt and grease inseparable from the use of hair-powder and pomatum, now only used by livery servants.

Wigmaking's shops are to be found in the Cloisters and several of the Courts of the Temple, and in Bell-yard, on both sides of Fleet-street and Temple Bar; and also in Lincoln's Inn. The one in Serle-street, a visit to which is the subject of our Artist's Sketch, deserves more than a passing notice, forming as it does a close adjunct to the Law Courts. It was established in 1726 by the great-great-grandfather of the present Mr. Ravenscroft; his name will be found in the earlier volumes of the "London Directory," then a modest duodecimo. In the possession of this firm is a very interesting collection of portraits of legal celebrities, including many English Lord Chancellors, from Lord Somers, in 1693, to the present one, Lord Halsbury (Sir Hardinge Giffard). The portraits of the Lords Chief Justices of the Queen's Bench commence with Sir Robert Raymond, in 1725, and, with a few exceptions, those of all the succeeding holders of that office. Those of the Lords Chief Justices of the Common Pleas date from Lord Walsingham, in 1711; while the Chief Barons of the Exchequer start with Sir Geoffrey Gilbert, in 1725. In addition to these judicial luminaries, the collection comprises a large number of celebrated barristers who never attained judicial honours. In 1822 Ravenscroft started a book, in which he secured the autographs of his customers, comprising all the great names of the Bench and the Bar, as well as the Church; for until the latter part of the last reign the Archbishops and Bishops of the English and Irish Church wore wigs as a portion of their clerical costume. This book of autographs has been continued to the present day, and the two portly volumes in which they are contained are of great interest. Among the Ravenscroft collections, one curiosity is the petrified full-bottomed wig of Lord Erskine. Shortly after this great lawyer had been reappointed Attorney-General, in 1802, he went on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood of Knaresborough. One day, in a frolic, he gave his wig to one of the attendants at the celebrated Dripping Well to see if he could succeed in petrifying it in its waters, which are largely impregnated with carbonate of lime. The experiment was singularly successful, and the form of the wig remained intact. For some years this petrified wig occupied a place in Lord Erskine's library, and was an object of much interest to his numerous guests.

A RAINY DAY.

Our Artist's Sketch represents the appearance of Carey-street on a rainy morning when the Courts are sitting. In the foreground is an eminent Queen's Counsel busily engaged in endeavouring to save his silk gown from a coating of London mud, while immediately in front of him are several stuff-gownsmen, who have just emerged from the seclusion of their chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Our readers may be amused with the unwonted alacrity displayed by these legal gentlemen. The client whose suit has been dragging for years through the Chancery Courts, and is now far from a settlement, will be tempted, perhaps, to wish that they were always so quick and active in their movements. But he will observe that on the present occasion these Chancery lawyers are interested in the preservation of their own *suits* and not other people's—a distinction which, according to the general rule in similar cases, makes a vast amount of difference. A quick movement, too, looks like business; and though it would be idle to suppose that every man in Lincoln's Inn who is a fast mover is necessarily doing a big business, still it is not too much to say that a slow mover, either in or out of court, is not likely to make much impression upon a solicitor.

The Carey-street scene repeats itself at the main entrance, with this exception, that while in Carey-street it is unavoidable, in Fleet-street the nuisance is one that might be removed. For a long time a subway between the Temple and the Law Courts has been agitated for by counsel, who from various reasons are obliged to robe in chambers; but owing to the continual opposition in quarters where there should be coalition nothing can be done in the matter. Meanwhile Temple barristers, in order to reach their sphere of work, are compelled in all weathers to dodge ignominiously between the wheels of the cabs and omnibuses that pass up and down the busy thoroughfare of Fleet-street during every minute of the day. Some day or other an accident will occur, and the danger of the existing state of things be forced upon the authorities by a paragraph in the evening newspapers headed, "A Barrister Killed in Fleet-street"; but until something of this kind happens things are likely to remain as they are.

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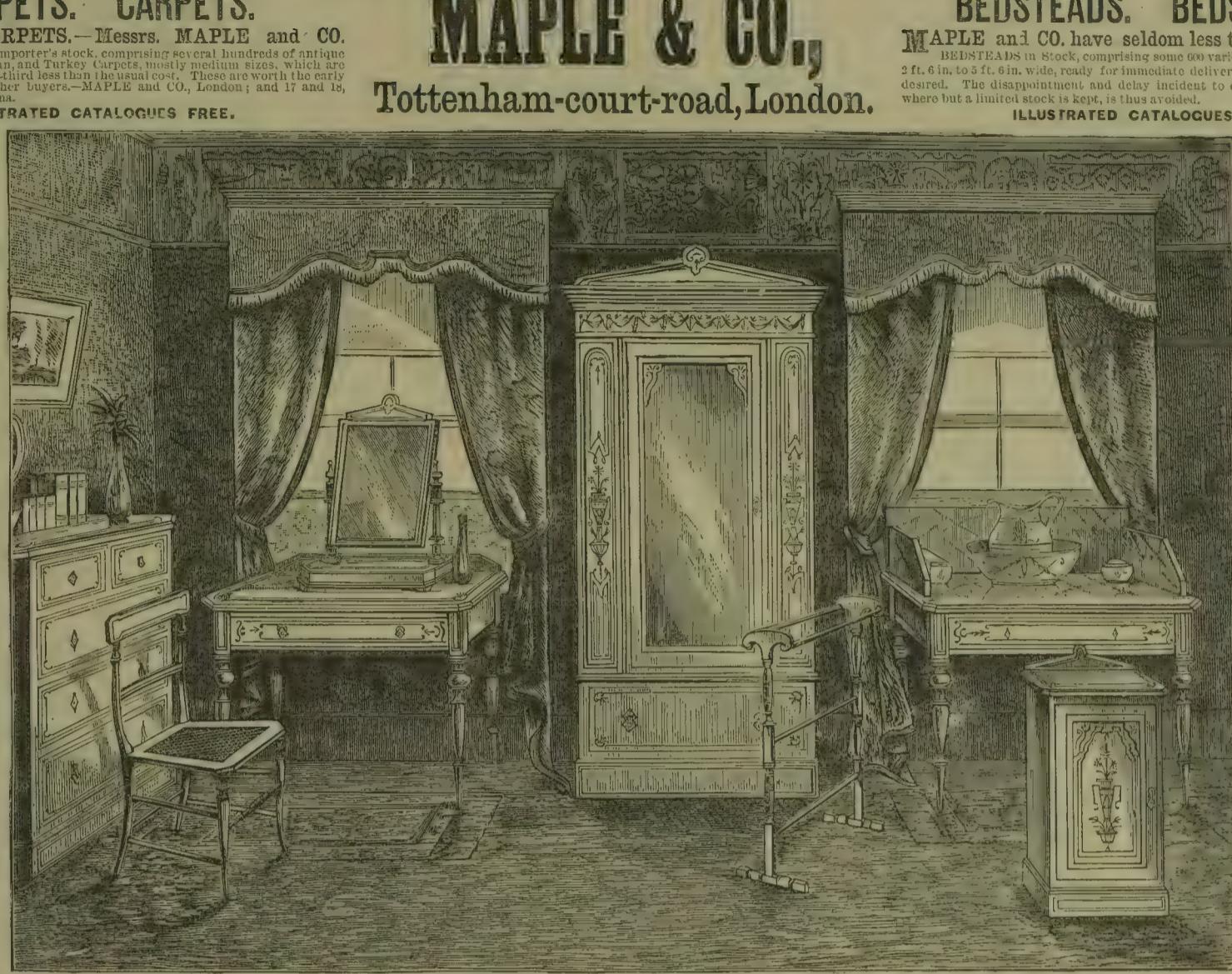
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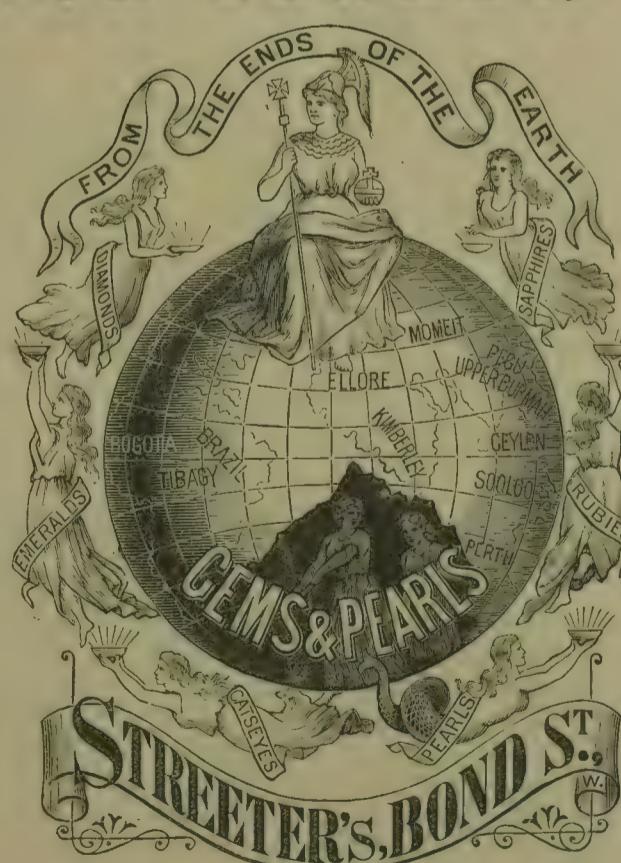
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By EDWIN W. STREETER, F.R.G.S.

BOOKS THAT WILL LAST.

There is no prophecy more doubtful than the statement often made by critics that a book is certain to live. And it is curious to note how seldom this prophecy has been uttered with regard to works to which Time, the best of critics, seems to have given a permanent reputation. On the contrary, the opinion passed upon them by contemporaries has sometimes been the reverse of favourable. Waller, a graceful lyric poet, who has himself written one short piece not likely to be forgotten, called the "Paradise Lost" a poem remarkable for nothing but its great length—an opinion, by-the-way, which Curran would have indorsed, for he called it the worst poem in the language. And it is easy to see that Boswell regarded "The Vicar of Wakefield" as infinitely inferior to "Rasselas," which he piously read through every year. We all remember how, upon the publication of Gray's "Elegy," the chief literary organ of the day damned it with faint praise, that was worse than blame; and how "Jane Eyre" went the round of the publishers before a reader was found able to discern its merits. Hobbes, the philosopher, told Davenant that his poem "Gondibert," at that time highly popular, would last as long as the "Iliad." The "Iliad" is as much alive in our day as it was in the seventeenth century—probably far more alive; but "Gondibert" is dead, and almost as securely hidden from the eyes of men as if it had never been printed. Mr. Gosse, indeed, says he has read it through; but then Mr. Gosse has, perhaps, sailed over more Dead Seas of poetical literature than any man living, and even Mr. Gosse admits that he was scarcely equal to the task, and was not able to unravel the mystery of the plot. John Bunyan was a contemporary of Davenant, and his great work, "the precious life-blood" of his spirit, though it soon became highly popular among the common people, seems to have been despised, at least until Dr. Johnson's time, by men of learning. What would Davenant's astonishment have been could he have been told that his then famous poetry would not long survive him, and that the "Tinker's Allegory" would be read in every quarter of the world, and grow more popular with age? In the last century Horace Walpole called Darwin's "Botanic Garden" the most delicious poem upon earth; and that, too, has entirely lost its deliciousness for the modern reader, who, if he struggles through the work, will find it wearisome and absurdly artificial.

Well, in our own age, criticism is just as liable to err. Sir Walter Scott, one of the greatest writers of the century, and assuredly the most delightful, was rarely great as a critic, and when he writes that Byron is as various in composition as Shakspeare himself, and that in "Cain" he has matched Milton on his own ground, we are as much surprised as at his assertion that Beaumont and Fletcher surpassed Shakspeare in drawing female characters. But Mr. Swinburne's estimate of Byron as a poet of the third rank, without passion, without melody, without "a gleam of real imagination," is almost equally startling, and is wholly opposed to the judgment of Mr. Matthew Arnold: while Mr. Swinburne, whose opinion of the "divine Shelley" is only to be excelled by his adoration of Hugo, is no doubt equally astounded by Mr. Arnold's assertion that the letters of that poet are superior to his verse. In the depreciation of Shelley, by-the-way, two famous critics bear Mr. Arnold company. Hazlitt declares that no one was ever the wiser or better for reading him; and Charles Lamb, writing to Bernard Barton, says, "I can no more understand Shelley than you can. His poetry is thin sown with profit or delight."

Some of the pleasantest reading of our time is due to the critics, who try to settle what books bid fair to live and what are doomed to a speedy dissolution. But the few illustrations we have given of the art are quite sufficient to show that the men who practise it are very far from infallible. It does not follow that their opinions are of little value, or that the student may not be able with their help to find out what books are likely to last. To some extent the ground is clear before him. He knows, without being told, that works of science, save in rare instances, give way to their successors, just as fathers make way for their sons; he probably knows, too, that in the present stage of historical investigation the historian, however accomplished, is in danger of being found wanting. Already Thirlwall's masterly history of Greece is supposed, by some readers at least, to have given place to Grote's; and it may be true that Mommsen and Ihne have made Arnold and the earlier historians of Rome obsolete. In political economy, again, one authority speedily takes the place of another; and the text-book used as a final authority by an undergraduate of the present day will be considered obsolete when his son takes his turn at college. The truth is that it is only works of high imagination, of profound political sagacity, of consummate humour and wit, of lofty philosophical thought, and works also of that deep humanity that goes straight to the heart of every reader, which have any chance of attaining to an earthly immortality. The greatest writers of antiquity exhibit these qualities in a larger or less proportion, and so do the greatest of the moderns. We cannot conceive of a time when Homer or Virgil, Dante or Chaucer, Cervantes or Molière, will cease to be read; and what likelihood is there—unless some extraordinary mental revolution produces a wholly new standard of taste—that Shakspeare and Milton, Burns and Scott, Goldsmith, Lamb, and Wordsworth will pass out of remembrance? Will "Gulliver's Travels" or "Robinson Crusoe," or the delightful tales of Jane Austen ever lose their charm? Are we likely to forget Sir Roger De Coverley? Or will our children cease to laugh at "John Gilpin"? In hours of serious thought will not "De Imitatione Christi" and Jeremy Taylor always be welcome? and when will the world cease to have its pious souls who find all that they most need for heart and intellect, for the conduct of life and the preparation for death, in the sacred pages of the Bible?

There are two remarks to be made, with which this paper may fitly close.—One is that the books that, having lasted long, we are justified in saying will last still, are generally distinguished by elevation of thought and breadth of imagination. They are full of ideas that stimulate and strengthen; they take just views of life; they reject what is fantastic, sectarian, and unreal; their humour is wholesome and kindly; and they all possess that touch of nature without which books, like the gorgeous preparations for a Royal welcome, serve but a temporary purpose. Another remark is that the finest literature may contain "infinite riches in a little room." A single poem may keep a memory alive: witness Gray's "Elegy." One short tale may place a man with the immortals; witness the "Vicar of Wakefield." And the greatest essayist of the century did not need much space for the production of "Elia."

The China Cup, won by the team of Volunteers from Shropshire at the last Wimbledon meeting, has been presented to Earl Bradford, as Lord Lieutenant of the county.

Mr. Cecil Vandeleur, land agent to Captain Oliver, when returning to Tralee, from collecting rents at Causeway, on the night of the 20th inst., was shot at by men concealed in the hedges on both sides of the road, about four miles from Ardferd. His horse and the car were struck; but Mr. Vandeleur and the driver escaped without injury. Mr. Vandeleur fired four barrels of his revolver.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
T G (Ware).—No. 2217 cannot be solved in the way you propose.
K E (Upsala).—As a rule, our readers do not favour four-move problems; but yours is so constructed that it shall have a diagram. We shall hope to hear from you again.
E N F. Very good, and very acceptable.
EMMO (Darlington).—We are glad to see your name in our list again.
HEReward (Oxford).—We have forgotten the note referred to.
T W N (Harlesden).—The solution of No. 2209 was published in our issue of Sept. 11.
A F (Kildare).—You are wide of the mark in both Nos. 2218 and 2219.
G H (Manchester).—The amended position shall be examined.
O. J.—See answer to T G, of Ware.

AMATEUR (Havana).—The game is very welcome.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2209 to 2211 received from O H Bate (Richmond), Cape of Good Hope; of No. 2211 from Charles G Brown (Rio de Janeiro); of Nos. 2213 to 2217 from Karl Erik (Prague); of No. 2214 from Amateur (Havana); of No. 2215 from G Weiss (Hamburg); of No. 2216 from the Rev. John Wills (Barnstaple, U.S.A.); F C Sibaldi (Ontario); of No. 2217 from N A B (Limerick); E J Gibbs, jun., P R Gibbs, John C Brenner, Columbus; of No. 2218 from N A B (Limerick); W D Wright, Emmo (Darlington), E J Gibbs, jun., P R Gibbs, R H Shaw, Alpha, and John C Brenner.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2219 received from W R Raillem, W Biddle, H Recyc, W D Wright, L Falcon (Antwerp), R H Brooks, A C Hunt, Emmo (Darlington), J Hall, Little Bits, H Wardell, George Gouge, Otto Fulder (Ghent), N S Harris, The Phenomenon, Julia Short, E Featherstone, N Meares, C Oswald, Thomas Chow, J K (South Hampstead), Lieutenant-Colonel F Loraine, G W Law, G J Powell, L Wyman, Thomas Wilmer, H L Southwell, E J Gibbs, jun., Jack, W B Smith, E Casella (Paris), Nerina, F Marshall, L Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, Shadforth, H Herford, Darraugh, Richard, Murray, Oxford, Jerry, R Gibbs, A Tanck, Baum, Commander L Martin, R A, T. Robert, W Henshaw, J D Blyth, W A P, R Tweddle, Ben New, E P H, John Dudley, S Butler, W H D Henvey, John C Brenner, Joseph Ainsworth, C E P, Peterhouse, W Hillier, H Z (Manchester), E Loudon, Oliver Icninga, Augusta Nicholson, Jupiter Junior, E B Schwann, W E Champion, the Rev. Winfield Cooper, Laura Greaves (Shelton), C E Turner, E G Boys, T G (Ware), Hermit, H T H, Columbus, Hereward, and F E Gibbons.

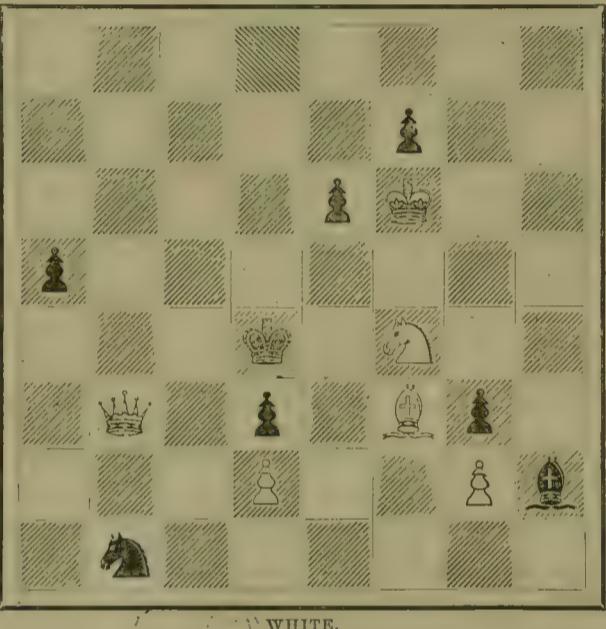
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2218.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 6th	K to B 4th (or A)	(B.)	
2. Q to B 2nd (ch)	K moves	1. P takes Kt (or C)	
3. Q or Kt mates accordingly.		2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch)	K moves
		3. Q mates.	
		(C.)	
1. Kt to R 4th (or B)		1. P Queens	
2. Q to R 8th (ch)	K moves	2. Q to Q 2nd (ch)	K to B 4th
3. Kt mates.		3. Kt mates.	

PROBLEM NO. 2221.

Competing in the Problem Tourney of the COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.
Motto: "Vive la Bagatelle."

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM TOURNEY OF THE COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.
Experience has taught us that in the widest publicity alone is to be found the only test of the accuracy of chess problems. We shall be glad, therefore, if our solvers will send us solutions of the following positions from the above-named tourney, in anticipation of the award of the judges:—

MOTTO: "APPLE FRITTERS."

White: K at Q Kt sq, Q at Q 7th, B's at K-Kt 5th and 6th; Pawns at K 2nd and Q B 3rd. (Six pieces.)
Black: K at K 4th, R at Q R 4th, B's at K B 6th and Q R 6th; Pawns at K 2nd, Q 6th, Q Kt 4th and 7th. (Eight pieces.)

White to play, and mate in two moves.

MOTTO: "APPLE FRITTERS."

White: K at K Kt 7th, Q at Q R 5th, Kt's at Q 4th and K B 5th, B at K R 7th; Pawns at Q B 6th, Q Kt 3rd, and Q R 4th. (Eight pieces.)

Black: K at K 5th, Q at Q R sq, R at Q B 2nd, B's at Q sq and Q Kt 2nd; Pawns at K 2nd, Q 2nd and 3rd, Q R 2nd and 7th. (Ten pieces.)

White to play, and mate in four moves.

MOTTO: "ETAK."

White: K at Q R 8th, R at K B 5th, Kt's at K Kt 6th and K B 8th, B's at K R 3rd and Q Kt 6th; Pawns at K B 2nd and 5th, K R 4th and 5th. (Ten pieces.)

Black: K at Q B 3rd, R at K R 2nd, Kt at K Kt 5th, B at K R 3rd; Pawns at Q 5th, Q B 5th, and Q Kt 4th. (Seven pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

MOTTO: "ETAK."

White: K at Q R 8th, R at K B 5th, Kt's at K Kt 6th and K B 8th, B's at K R 3rd and Q Kt 6th; Pawns at K B 2nd and 5th, K R 4th and 5th. (Ten pieces.)

Black: K at Q B 3rd, R at K R 2nd, Kt at K Kt 5th, B at K R 3rd; Pawns at Q 5th, Q B 5th, and Q Kt 4th. (Ten pieces.)

White to play and mate in four moves.

MOTTO: "VIVE LA BAGATEILLE."

White: K at K B 8th, R at K 3rd and Q Kt 7th, Kt at Q sq, B at K 4th and Q R sq; Pawns at K R 4th, K Kt 2nd, K B 6th, Q B 6th, and Q R 4th. (Eleven pieces.)

Black: K at K B 5th, R at Q R 6th; B at K R 7th; Pawns at K Kt 5th, Q 4th, Q 6th, Q R 4th, and Q R 7th. (Eight pieces.)

White to play, and mate in four moves.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO MR. FRASER, OF DUNDEE.

We have received the following communication from Sheriff Spens, of Glasgow, relating to a proposed testimonial to Mr. G. B. Fraser, of Dundee, in recognition of his long and valuable services to the spread of chess. We have not space this week for even a summary of Mr. Fraser's contributions to the literature of chess, many of them original articles for this column, but shall endeavour to place them before our readers in a future Number. In the meantime we cordially recommend the proposed testimonial to the good fellowship of chessplayers throughout the world.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to bring up for your notice the proposed testimonial to Mr. G. B. Fraser, of Dundee, on account of his great services to chess. As a chess analyst and the discoverer of many important and interesting variations in different openings, he holds a position unique among living British chess-players. I inclose a summary of Mr. G. B. Fraser's contributions to chess theory and practice, kindly prepared by the well-known player and analyst, the Rev. W. Wayte.

"I submit that Mr. Fraser is eminently deserving of a testimonial, and I trust that the proposal will receive your cordial support, as well as that of British chessplayers throughout the world. In addition to your individual support, I respectfully solicit your influence with chess-playing friends to induce them to contribute to the testimonial fund.—WALTER C. SPENS."

The committee of the Bristol and Clifton Chess Association have issued their fifteenth annual report. The past year has been their most successful, and the club begins the next one with a substantial balance in the hands of the treasurer, Mr. W. Tribe, of Bristol. The championship cup was won by Mr. L. J. Williams with the fine score of 224 out of a possible 26; Messrs. N. Foden, the Rev. G. H. D. Jones, and W. H. Harson ranking next in the order named. In the Handicap Tourney, Mr. T. G. Wright carried off the first prize (£2 2s.); and the cup of the Junior Handicap was won by Mr. A. C. Clarke.

Two new clubs have recently been formed, one at Exeter Hall and the other in connection with the Savings' Bank Department at Blackfriars. The latter engaged in its first match on Friday last against the second team of the Ludgate, and scored a creditable victory by 6½ points to 3½.

PICTURE BOOKS.

The season for children's books commences betimes; and if we may judge from its first fruits, the coming Christmas will show but little falling-off, in quantity, at least, from its most prolific predecessors. Mr. Maurice Noel's *Under the Water* (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith) is prettily got up, and cleverly illustrated by E. A. Lemann; but the text is too obviously inspired by Kingsley's "Water Babies" as are the pictures by Sir Noel Paton's illustrations, to give the volume a claim to originality. We must protest, too, against the use of language, in "a story for children," as much out of sympathy with their tastes. The story turns upon two children falling into the water, and upon what they saw and heard when temporary inhabitants of the domain of Governor Wriggle, a water-elf friendly-disposed to mere "air-suckers." The best and most natural episode in the book is that of "The Passionate Larva," which points its own moral. The story of "The Sorrows of Loach," which occupies a considerable number of pages, is a fairy tale of an old and approved pattern; and the legend of the origin of the "Miller's Thumb," though prettily conceived, is rendered unnecessarily difficult of comprehension to children by the introduction of useless reflections. Mr. Noel adopts the meaning attached to the "Grig" by Izak Walton; but "As merry as a grig" we have always understood to be a purely local variety of the saying "as cheerful as a cricket;" and to ordinary eyes and minds the life of an eel, whether in London water-pipes or elsewhere, does not suggest the highest phase of animal happiness.

Another picture-book, *Bright Pages*, with rhymes by S. and E. Lecky (Birn Brothers), seems to err in an opposite sense. Although offered to "children of all ages," the letterpress at least will scarcely commend itself to those who have emerged from the nursery, whilst for these the beauties of the "calyx yet enfolden" and the "depth of stamens golden" will remain as much hidden mysteries as they must have been for little Rose, who, at five years old, would have picked wild flowers for her mother regardless of botanical terms. The full-page coloured illustrations are prettily designed; and the children depicted are really more like children than dolls. But Miss Hardinge's talent comes out far more strongly in the little black-and-white vignettes with which the text of the rhymes is interspersed.

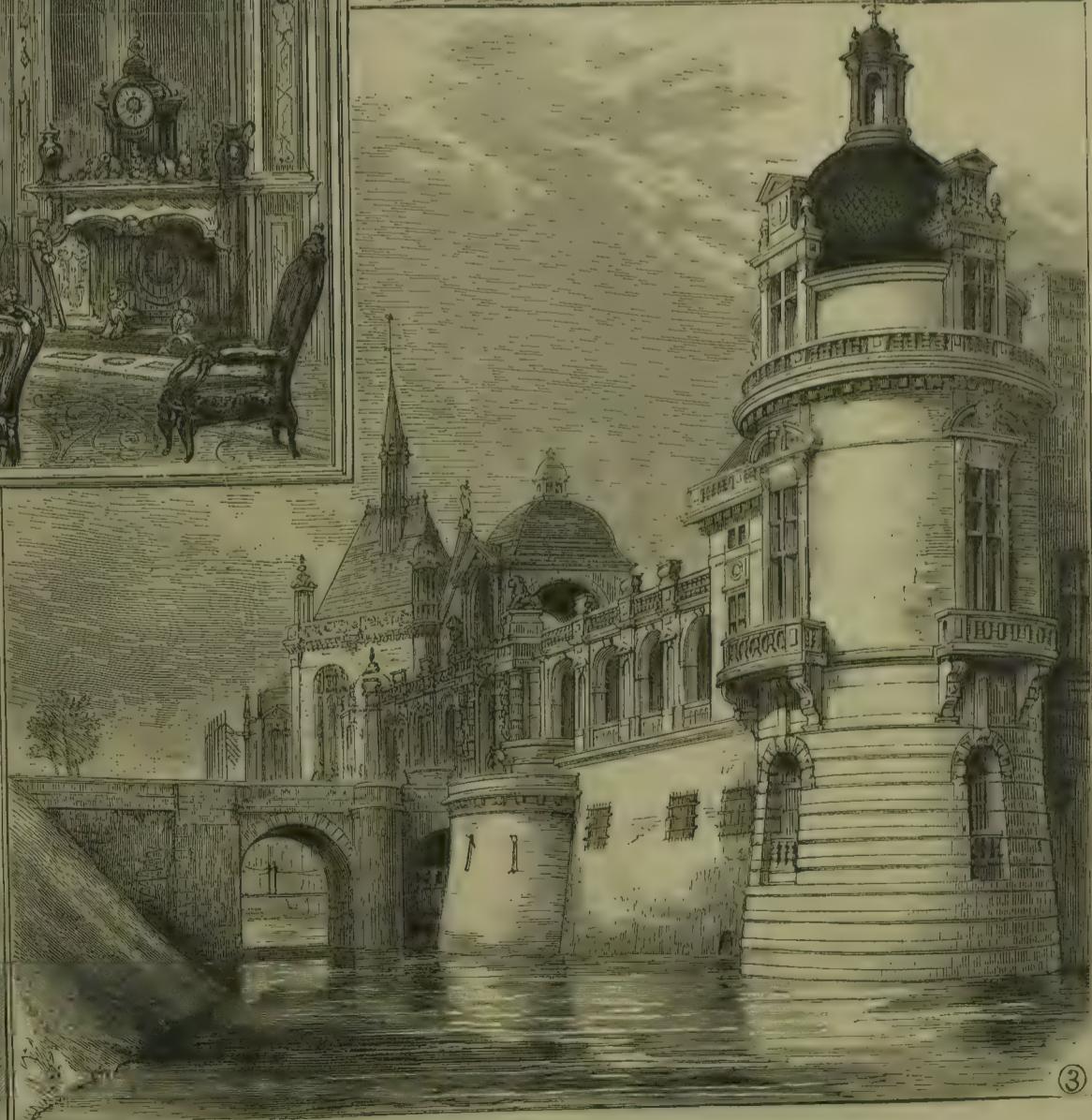
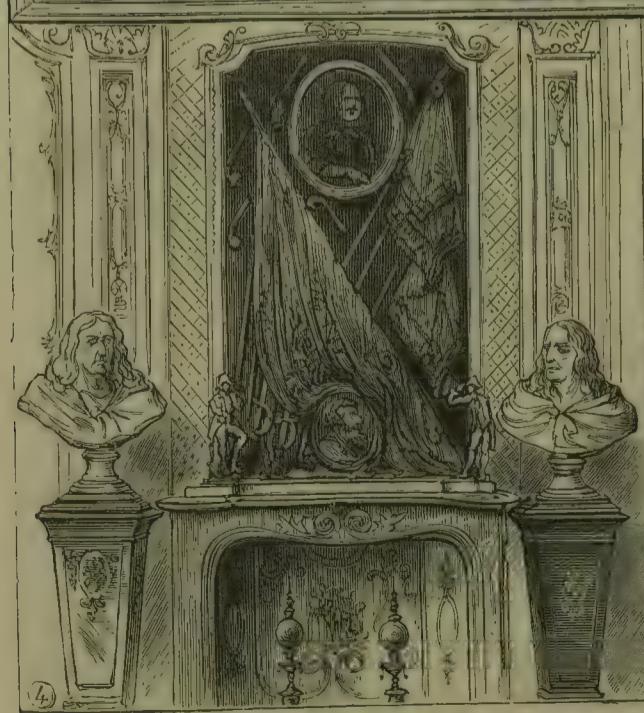
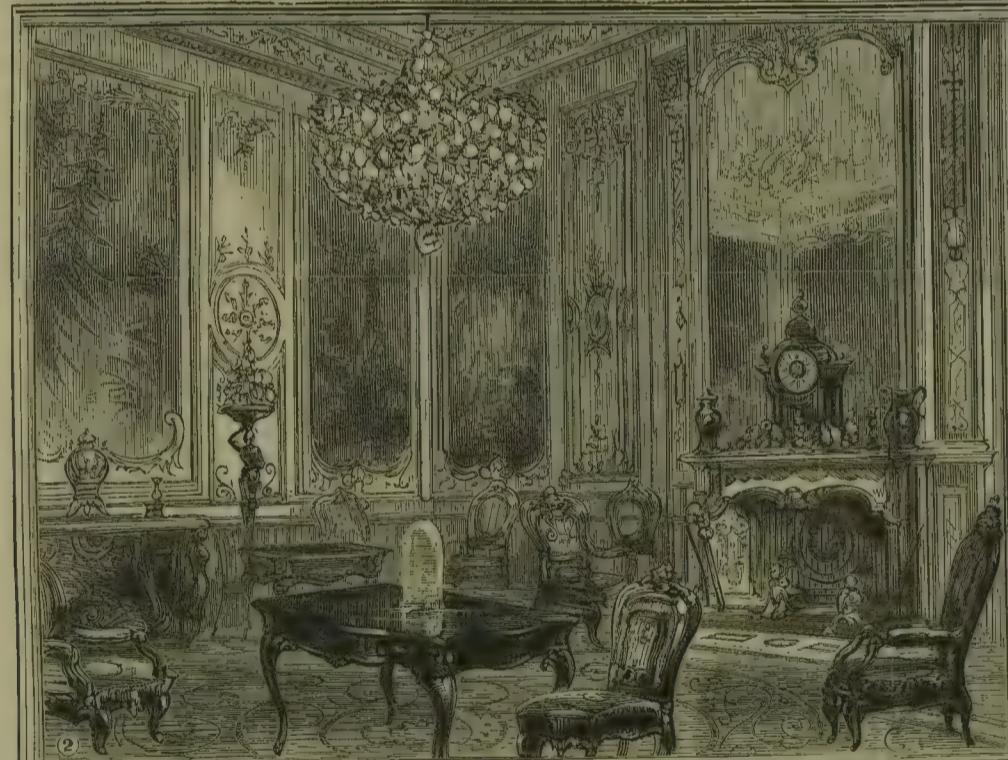
Real children, on the other hand, no matter what their age, will find more to their taste Mr. Harry Furniss's two little books—*Romps in Town* and *Romps at the Seaside* (George Routledge and Sons), with verses by Horace Lennard. In the first-named, there is something quite above the ordinary level of conception, but not above the most child-like level of appreciation in "The Children's Zoo," reminding us of "The Typical Developments" of the late C. Bennett; but inverting the process of evolution, of which that gifted artist was an unconscious forerunner. In "Romps at the Seaside," the most prominent place is assigned to "The Pirates' Cave," for the realisation of which our young friends must await the return of summer; but, meanwhile, they and we can thoroughly enjoy the humour and dramatic force of the story. A "Wet-Day" furnishes a hint for passing the time at home as well as at the seaside, and we can cordially recommend to the attention of large families Mr. Furniss's cartoon, as suggestive of a tableau worthy of reproduction at a Christmas party.

We confess to experiencing some difficulty in understanding the motive of the *Christmas Card Sketch-Book* (Marion and Co.), unless it be to carry to a still greater height of extravagance the tyranny which overshadows us at the close of the year. Here are four-and-twenty etchings after well-known artists' little-known or wholly unknown works, bound in a handsome cover, on which is inscribed the ordinary Christmas salutation. The designs are in many cases good, and the printing is excellent; but to find out the connection between them and the season should, we think, be referred to a committee of successful puzzle-solvers chosen by competition. For example, Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., furnishes a sylvan, springtide scene from "As You Like It," and Mr. Randolph Caldecott one from the "Taming of the Shrew"; but in vindication of that lamented artist we protest against the strange ignorance of orthography with which he is credited. There are also two "Cattle Pictures" by Mr. Caldecott, which are amongst the best things in the volume, and these alone will suffice to give it an artistic value. But neither these nor Mr. Poynter's "Golden Harvest," nor Mr. Walter Crane's "Prcserpina," nor, indeed, anything else in the volume, so far as we can see, without the aid of letterpress, can connect the book with the season for which it is ostensibly destined.

In a volume written with extensive knowledge and from a full mind, Mr. William Alex. Barrett, Vicar Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, writes of *English Glees and Part-Songs* (Longmans), and of their historical development. Incidentally, the book covers a wide surface, and touches on many topics as interesting to the literary student as to the musician. And the author makes a noble protest against the prevalent idea that England is not a musical nation. One of the most attractive chapters is on Purcell; and Mr. Barrett maintains that a nation that could produce such a composer at a time when the science of music was still in a rudimentary condition, must be musical. He was "the Shakespeare of the vocal art, and embraced with equal felicity every species of composition"; but the author, while extolling his genius, admits that the study of his music is neglected. How, he asks, did so-called musical Germany treat Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or Schubert? And how did England treat Handel? Well, we may admit the indifference, and more than indifference, of Germany to her greatest composers while living; and we may admit, too, that Handel was, to some extent, well treated in England; but by whom was his genius acknowledged, and, in a measure, recompensed? Far less it is to be feared by the nation at large than by the Court. He was sneered at by the greatest humorist of the age, mocked in lampoons, and, according to Mrs. Delany, was well-nigh ruined by Gay's burlesque. Indeed, his career, as far as worldly success goes, can scarcely be pronounced prosperous. We agree with Mr. Barrett that the nation that invented the anthem and the glee, that excels in the composition of the madrigal, and that possesses thousands of the most beautiful popular melodies must be a musical nation; but we fear it is not so certain that England has treated her composers well. Bishop, as Mr. Barrett reminds us, was a poor man all his life; the genius of Samuel Wesley was suppressed for lack of encouragement; the same is said of William Horsley, who might, otherwise, have been "one of the greatest musicians to which the nation had ever given birth"; and a similar remark may be made with regard to other composers honorably mentioned in this volume. We wish that we had space to show what an interesting volume it is, not only from the writer's criticisms and biographical details, but from his historical and technical knowledge of the art he loves so well. Mr. Barrett, it may be added, points out a defect in the Church music of our day, when he observes that "it takes the form of a series of organ solos with accidental verbal accompaniment. The words set to music are admitted, as it were, on sufferance."

THE CHATEAU DE CHANTILLY, THE GIFT OF THE DUC D'AUMALE TO THE FRENCH INSTITUTE.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUC D'AUMALE.



1. Main Entrance to the Château.

2. The Drawing-Room.

3. Side View of the Château.

4. The Condé Trophy.

"T'LL MAKE ASSURANCE DOUBLE SURE," SHAKSPEARE.

EARLY AND PROVIDENT FEAR IS THE MOTHER OF SAFETY.

HAVE YOU HAD QUIET GUARD?

NOT A MOUSE STIRRING.

CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT

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ANNUAL
RENT
OF
SAFE
ONE
TO
FIVE
GUINEAS

WILLS MAY BE DEPOSITED FOR ONE GUINEA FOR LIFE

ANNUAL
RENT
OF
STRONG
ROOMS
FIVE
TO
THIRTY
GUINEAS

CASH BOXES
GIVEN IN AT NIGHT TO BE
RETURNED IN THE MORNING
TWO GUINEAS PER ANNUM.

TRUSTEES AND OTHERS
HAVE SAFES AND
COMBINATION
LOCKED
AND DISTINCT
KEYS
DEPOTTED
BY MILNER'S
PATENT
COMBINATION
LOCKED
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KEYS
DEPOTTED
BY MILNER'S
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HOURS
9.30 AM
TO
6 P.M.
DAYS
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TO
3.30 PM

HOURS
9.30 AM
TO
6 P.M.
DAYS
9.30 AM
TO
3.30 PM

MINERVA
GUARDIAN AND PROTECTRESS
OF
WISDOM,
ART
AND
COMMERCE.

CARDS OF ADMISSION AND PROSPECTUSES MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION TO THE MANAGER.

CHANTILLY.

His Royal Highness the Duc d'Aumale has nobly avenged the harsh and undeserved expulsion of the Orléans Princes from France, by making a donation to the French Institute of his splendid residence, the Château de Chantilly, twenty-five miles from Paris. The name of Chantilly is familiar to those who take an interest in horse-racing, for this place is the Newmarket and the Goodwood of France, where in May, and in September or October, contests of high importance, the "Grandes Courses," reported in the sporting intelligence of English as well as French newspapers, are wont to be determined. The fine racecourse is close to the long village-like street of the little town, which has 3500 inhabitants, and affords lodgings to a multitude of stable-grooms, trainers, jockeys, and horse-dealers; at one end is the railway station, at the other end are the stately stables, erected by Louis Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, a hundred and fifty years ago. The town, however, is not wholly devoted to horse-worship, but has a domestic manufacture of silk-lace, wrought by hand, which gives employment to the women and girls of many families in their own homes. This work, established so long ago as 1710, by M. Moreau, is extensively carried on, likewise, in most of the neighbouring villages. The church of Chantilly, built in the seventeenth century, is adorned with paintings by artists of that period, representing its foundation by the Prince and Princess de Condé, under the guardianship of their patron saints; and their hearts, or the ashes of them, are preserved in shrines beside the altar. In the parish church of Chantilly was interred the headless body of the aged Admiral Coligny, one of the most illustrious victims of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, after having been hung by the heels upon the gallows at Montfaucon, near Paris.

The historical associations of Chantilly are chiefly those connected with the princely House of Condé, near kindred of the reigning Kings of France; and "the Grand Condé," Louis de Bourbon, Due d'Enghien and Prince de Condé, who died in 1686, spent the latter years of his life at this place, where he entertained his Royal cousin, Louis XIV., in 1671. It was upon this occasion, according to Madame de Sevigné, that the celebrated French cook, Vatel, is said to have killed himself in a raging fit of shame and despair, because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner. The Grand Condé is a conspicuous and chivalrous figure in the political and military history of his age. He began winning victories in his earliest manhood, in the wars against Spain and Austria, and obtained great popularity; but Cardinal Mazarin, the Minister ruling for Queen Anne of Austria during the minority of Louis XIII., became jealous of Condé, and imprisoned him in the Castle of Vincennes. After his release, Condé attempted to get up a revolt against the Regency, and was received with acclamation by the citizens of Paris, but failing in his enterprise, was obliged to go into exile, and held a command in the Spanish army in Flanders. He returned to France in 1659, gained favour with Louis XIV., and was restored to all his honours and estates, having rendered that King good service in the conquest of Franche Comté, and in the war against the Dutch under William of Nassau. The Grand Condé succeeded Marshal Turenne, in 1675, as Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, but, on retiring from military service, took up his residence at Chantilly, where the most eminent literary men of the period, Racine, Boileau, and Bossuet, were frequently his guests.

The ancient mansion, called "Le Petit Château," situated beyond the stables, overlooking a small artificial lake or pond, was built in 1545 by Anne de Montmorency; it is adorned with sculptures and pictures, some representing the battles of the Grand Condé, painted by Van der Meulen; others by Watteau, of curious fancy subjects. The principal building of the old residence of Condé was destroyed by the violence of a mob at the French Revolution in 1791; and the present château is only ten or twelve years old, having been rebuilt by the Duc d'Aumale, in a style imitating that of the Valois period, with open arcades, upper and lower balustrades, domed turrets, surmounted by spires or pinnacles, steep roofs, and circular or round-topped windows. The architectural effect is somewhat bizarre; and the ground plan of this edifice, being formed in a pentagon of irregular shape, to cover the foundations of two former separate buildings, has a singular want of unity for such a palatial structure, as will appear by comparing our Views of the main entrance and the garden front. The interior parts—the Cour d'Honneur, the Salon and Picture Gallery, the Library, and the Chapel—which contains an altar-screen of rich Renaissance carving, and some beautiful painted glass—are much admired. The several gardens of the Château, laid out in the French, Italian, and English styles, have their peculiar attractions. The park or forest, extending altogether 6700 acres, including the racecourse, affords delightful walks, rides, or drives. At one spot, where twelve roads and avenues or paths meet, is a round stone table, where parties used to breakfast on the day of a grand hunt, and King Louis XIV. was once regaled with a luncheon there. At the ponds called the "Etangs de Commelle," a mile beyond the Table Ronde, is a small Gothic building like a chapel, but with towers at its four corners; the portal and window are decorated with carved figures of reptiles, snakes, lizards, toads and frogs, and aquatic plants. This is called the Tour de la Reine Blanche, and is ascribed to Queen Blanche of Castile, mother of King Louis IX., but was probably built, in the fifteenth century, for a hunting or fishing lodge, by the Montmorencies, the original Lords of Chantilly. The whole property, in 1830, came to the Duc d'Aumale, as grand-nephew and heir to the Duc de Bourbon, the last of the house of Condé.

The Duc d'Aumale is the fourth son of King Louis Philippe, who reigned from July, 1830, to the Revolution of February, 1848; it is the Duke's nephew, the Comte de Paris, eldest son of the Duke of Orléans, that King's eldest son, who is now the legitimate representative of French Royalty. The Duc d'Aumale has held high rank in the French army, and has commanded in successful campaigns in Algeria, of which province he was also Governor. He lived in England during the Empire of Napoleon III., but returned to his native country under the Republic, was elected to a seat in the National Assembly, and held important military commands; he was president of the court-martial for the trial of Marshal Bazaine. His Royal Highness is a scholar and author, having written a history of the Princes of Condé and other works of literary merit; and he is a member of the French Academy. His colleagues there, and all Frenchmen connected with science or literature, will appreciate the truly patriotic and liberal sentiments that have inspired him in giving Chantilly to the Institute of France.

Our Illustrations of Chantilly are from a series of excellent photographs taken by M. Chalot, of Paris.

THE CHANTILLY FINE ARTS COLLECTION.

The contents of the Chantilly art collection, which is also presented by the Duc d'Aumale to the French nation, have, we believe, never been catalogued. This fact may explain, though it cannot excuse, the very little of grateful wonderment which his generous act has created. The first collectors of the Duke's race were Constable Anne De Montmorency and the Princes of the house of Condé, many of whom were intelligent patrons of art, as the portion of their treasures

now in the Louvre amply testifies. But it was the present Duc d'Aumale, during his first exile in this country, who mainly brought together the magnificent collection of pictures, many of which were at one time to be seen at his residence at Twickenham. A copy of the notes on the principal contents of the house was privately printed in 1862, and a few copies distributed by the Duke; but it is now impossible to obtain one. According to this brief summary, his Royal Highness at that time possessed, among many others, 140 important pictures, eighty-three miniatures, eighteen Limoges enamels, and thirty-one illuminated manuscripts of the rarest period. Since then the Duke purchased a choice collection of forty pictures belonging to M. Reiset; the entire set of paintings and drawings of the French schools of the sixteenth century which Alexandre Lenoir had previously sold to the Duke of Sutherland, besides making important acquisitions at all the great pictures sales of the last twenty years. His most recent purchase was the famous diptych by Memling, which was exhibited at Manchester, for which he paid no less than £10,000; and this enormous price was exceeded when, three or four years ago, he paid £24,000 for the "Three Graces," of Raffaelle: just four times what the "Vierge d'Orléans," as it was called, in the Delessert collection, had cost him in 1859. From the Reiset collection he obtained a singularly fine and complete series of works of the early Italian masters, comprising two pictures attributed to Giotto, two by Ansano Di Pietro, two by Botticelli, and one by Lippi, on the back of which some bygone enthusiast has written:—*Non è il grande che fa il buono, è il buono che fa il grande.* Lorenzo di Niccolò, Andrew del Castagno, Cosimo Rosselli, and a host of other painters of rare merit, whose works are now sought for in vain, are well represented in this collection. It is needless to say that the better known masters are not wanting, and in each case the Duc d'Aumale seems to have spared neither pains nor money to obtain the best possible specimens. Whilst collecting, however, these products of foreign schools, he did not neglect those of France, and there is an unbroken series of the finest works by French artists from the revival of painting in the early part of the century, down to the present time, including Paul Delaroche's "Assassination of the Duc de Guise," five works of Ingres, and as many *œuvres* of Meissonier.

THE FUTURE OF LITERATURE.

If over production causes depression in trade, the same law, one would think, must hold good in literature. When the market is glutted with books, authors and publishers might be supposed to suffer alike. No book, probably, is published without some hope that it will sell; but, although in numberless cases this hope is not realised, times never seem to be so bad as perceptibly to lessen the labours of the printer and binder. A glance at the advertising columns of a journal like the *Athenaeum* proves that the stream of literature flows on with as much force as ever. Indeed, we are approaching the season when the flood is at its height. Man in these days may be described as a reading animal; and, considering the supply of books, newspapers, and magazines by which he is surrounded, if not overwhelmed, it seems strange that he should be able to find time for any other occupation. "Reading," says Bacon, "makes a full man." Possibly; but fullness causes congestion; and, strange to say, the most fruitful occupation in the world may be also the vainest and the idlest. But the frivolous reader craves his food as much as the most thoughtful. He needs as much; and, from a trade point of view, there is no difference between them, save that the first cafes chiefly for quantity, and the second for quality. Neither, we venture to say, has the slightest sympathy with that once respected individual known as the "man of one book." Even people who do not care to read, like, "for the look of the thing," to have a number of the newest books around them; and that books, which are growing cheaper daily, and prettier also in appearance, will increase and multiply in the coming years we have no doubt whatever. For this many reasons might be given. The growth of towns increases the love of sedentary employment; the growth of education leads to reading; as inevitably as autumn leads to winter; and what with free libraries, circulating libraries, and railway bookstalls, what with the prizes open to knowledge, and the facility with which books can be borrowed or bought, the book-trade, though its direction may be changed, and the old system may be forced to give way to one far from welcome to the grey fathers of "the Row," seems assured of a large development in the days that are coming.

But, after all, the sale of books, however extensive it may be, does not necessarily involve the growth of literature. It is possible, as everybody knows, to be a prolific book-maker without being a man of letters; and the dissemination of knowledge is a thing apart from the power wielded by literature. By literature we mean the utterance, either in verse or prose, of the noblest thoughts in the noblest language; and this utterance has been heard in the most stimulating periods, whether prosperous or otherwise, of national history. Of this we may be assured: that if, in the coming century, great crises call forth the self-denial and patriotism of England; if the country is dearer to Englishmen than sect or party; if, in short, great deeds are enacted—then will there be a corresponding vitality in the field of literature. At present, the book world presents a large amount of admirable, but scarcely of great works. The haste and fever of the age influence its authors; and editors take the place of original writers. All, or nearly all, the famous authors of the past are presented to the public in abridgments, as if the minds of our contemporaries were not strong enough or patient enough to study even the noblest of English poets save in selections. We are satisfied with the judgment of critics—good, bad, and indifferent, instead of exercising our own; we ask to be told what to read, and how much is worth reading; we imagine we can judge of work built up with the consummate labour of a lifetime by examining a few fragments; and the result is that works of art are liable to be degraded, and the mind of the reader to be enervated. If our successors are content with studying distinguished writers in pocket abridgments, and if they ask only for temporary amusement and not for the intellectual delight that is the reward of study, it needs no prophet to say that the literature of the future will be wanting in masculine vigour and in sustained effort. "Idle singers of idle lays" there may be, but no great dramatist or epic poet; "shilling dreadfuls" there may be, but no masterpieces of fiction; careful epitomes of history there may be, but no massive work on which the genius and toil of a lifetime have been expended. A large accession of knowledge on a vast variety of subjects may make the English mind readier and acuter; but while the area widens, it is possible the depth will diminish. The patient thought and brooding imagination that yield words of wisdom may lose their stimulating power amidst a generation absorbed in acquisition, and too busy to think. This is not a hopeful view, and if our readers be inclined to think it an utterly false one, it is to be ardently hoped that their judgment is correct. It must be admitted that, as no one can foretell the future, it is likely enough it may be.

J. D.

MOUNTAIN BIRDS.

Skiddaw, Sea Fell, and Helvellyn are three of the highest mountains in England proper. Each of them is upwards of 3000 ft. high, and although many of the birds found upon them are simply rare mountain forms, some of them are peculiar. This refers particularly to the exceedingly rare dotterel, which breeds in limited numbers on these mountains. About the beginning of July we found a colony of golden plovers nesting on one of the plateaux of Sca Fell, and during the same week discovered three nests of buzzards containing young. Thus early the peregrines had begun to harry the grouse, and the merlins were quartering the heather, evidently with the same object. Everywhere were lying on the fells the bleached bones and whitened fleeces of sheep, and these were daily visited by the ravens. During the past long and terrible winter, the fell sheep on the higher runs perished by hundreds. The farmers (four in number) of the farms lying contiguous to Sca Fell alone lost 1500 sheep out of an aggregate of 6000. The peregrines and ravens, which find an asylum in the deepest recesses of the mountains, are the only creatures that benefit by the great loss. The curlew utters its wild whistle as it flies over the desolate moors, and occasionally great black cormorants come to the tarns to fish. When the weather is rough, the black-headed and lesser black-backed gulls find food on the margin of the elevated mountain merelets.

Either on the Lake mountains or elsewhere the dotterel was probably never common, nor even fairly plentiful. The small flocks which come in May are called "trips," and immediately upon reaching the coast they strike inland, follow the back-bone of the country, and are brought up by the mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland. Here, upon the spurs of the highest mountains, and among the mists, they nest. Hewitson spent many annual vacations searching for a breeding site, but never found one. Five or six pairs frequently breed at no great distance from each other, but make not the slightest attempt at building a nest. They are exceedingly tame, and if frightened from the nest run only to a short distance. The dotterel rarely lays more than three eggs. Its call is a low plaintive whistle, which cannot be heard to any great distance, and this it often utters when alarmed. The sitting bird will return to its nest even whilst an eye-witness is near; or, if the nest be undiscovered, it may be found quietly watching the intruder. In the past this has been a most persecuted bird, owing to the great value of its feathers for fishing. Both miners and shepherds sought out its breeding haunts, and, on account of its tameness, often destroyed great quantities; some of the latter even trained dogs to find the nests, and in this they were most successful. From this and various causes the bird has become exceedingly scarce, until now it is probably one of our rarest British birds. This season it has bred sparsely on Helvellyn, Grassmoor, and Sca Fell. Here the old and young birds stay through summer, and in September commence their autumnal migration.

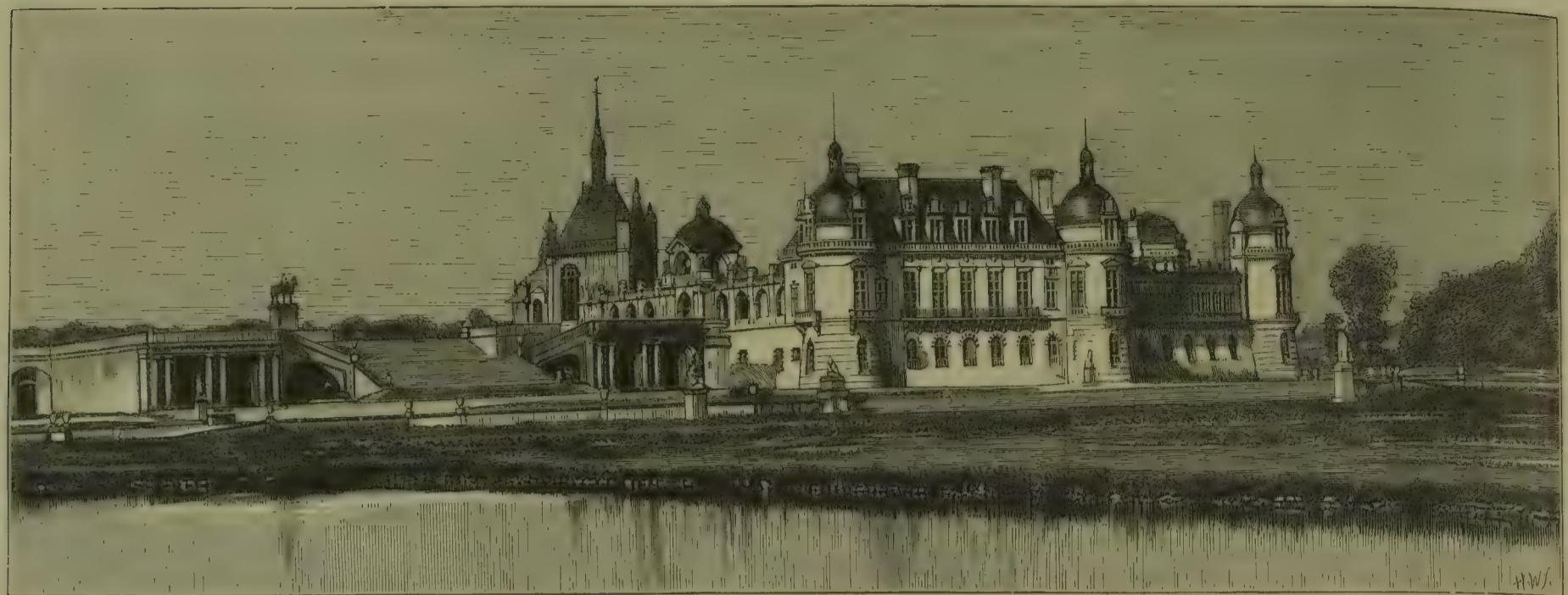
The golden plover is a beautiful mountain form, spending its summer among the hills, and retreating to the mosses and marshes at the approach of winter. Here it lives gregariously, mixing with various sand and shore haunting birds. One of the most remarkable traits in the bird's economy is that of changing its plumage in the breeding season. The breast—a dull greyish white—now becomes black, which, set off against the gold of the back, renders the plover a handsome species. As we stood amid the nesting colony, and the birds ran or wheeled, plaintively piping round our heads, it was not inappropriately remarked by one that they looked as though in evening dress, only with the colours reversed. The breeding-station was covered with thick tussocky grass, with here and there bog-holes, containing abundance of water. In some cases the young were hatched, the shells being left in the nest.

The moor buzzard is the most sluggish of the birds of prey. Often upon the mountains it sits upon some commanding crag and remains motionless for hours. Probably, at this time it is digesting the prey which it has secured during the hours of hunting. This must sometimes amount to a vast bulk, for it is said that sixty mice have been taken from the crop of a single bird. It feeds upon worms, moles, and field-mice, but destroys only the slow-flying birds. Grouse, which are weakly or ailing, it picks out, and in this way may do much towards stamping out disease. The shepherds destroy many buzzards in winter, taking them in fox-traps, set near a dead Herdwick, and buried beneath the heather. When the birds are foraging for food they fly low over the ground, and systematically work the valleys of their neighbourhood. They are such omnivorous feeders, that they always seem to find abundance of food. No less than seventeen buzzards were taken during one winter by a shepherd on his allotment, in the manner indicated above. On a cloudless summer day it is beautiful to see these birds circling high in the air, until they become as but specks against the blue. Sometimes half a dozen birds may be seen indulging at the same time in these graceful gyrations, which have evidently no other object than pleasure.

The cormorants come to the tarns, and are most difficult of approach. They either spend their time at fishing, at which they are great adepts, or sit solitary upon a huge black rock which just rises above the water. Sometimes in autumn a small flock will make its appearance, when from the white breasts of the birds it will be seen that the majority are birds of the year. More rarely, but in company with the last-named species, a few shags or green cormorants will make their appearance. With what object we do not know, but the two species of gulls mentioned sometimes fly up to the mountain tops, and daily in summer and autumn visit the tarns. On wild and stormy nights the curlews, attracted by the lights of our bell-tent, fly and scream in the darkness. When we emerge from the flaps of the canvas it is sometimes seen that a great many birds are around, and our lights certainly have the effect of keeping the ling-birds chirping all night long. The short sharp bark of the fox comes from the rocks, and is answered from the opposite crags. And occasionally from the skirts below we hear at early morning the red deer belling.

The bird essentially of the mountains is the peregrine. Since the eagles have flown, this is our noblest bird of prey. It still nests high in the beetling crags, and its nest is most difficult of access. It marauds and plunders the whole district. The gulls and summer snipe of the tarns afford it food, as do also moor-game, wild ducks, and wood pigeons. The female peregrine can fly with a rock-dove in its talons without its flight being impeded in the least. But the rock-dove is a strong flyer, and the Falcon Crag peregrines we saw thrice strike, ascending betwixt each, before pulling down their plucky game. There can be no doubt that peregrines are very destructive to grouse; but it is just as true that they always pick off the slowest and weakest birds. When food is scarce on the mountains they descend into the valleys, and here they obtain leverets and partridges, as well as the largest non-game birds. The peregrine, with its swift-whirring wings, bringing death and devastation, is in keeping with the spirit of the mountains. But, like all the rarer birds of prey, it is fast becoming extinct. In a few years it, too, will have passed from the mountains and from our fast diminishing fauna.—J. W.

THE CHATEAU DE CHANTILLY, THE GIFT OF THE DUC D'AUMALE TO THE FRENCH INSTITUTE.



SIDE VIEW, FROM THE GARDEN.



PRINCIPAL FRONT VIEW.



THE STABLES.

THE CHATEAU DE CHANTILLY, THE GIFT OF THE DUC D'AUMALE TO THE FRENCH INSTITUTE.



1. The Library.

2. The Chapel.

3. The Picture Gallery.

4. Cour d'Honneur.

NOVELS.

Gentle reader, as the good old phrase was, be not disconcerted or deterred by the somewhat dreary, weary, prosy, unpromising commencement of *He Fell in Love with His Wife*: by E. P. Roe (Ward, Lock, and Co.), but "persevere," like those "perfect men" whom we so frequently in our childhood recommended to "keep these precepts ten," and you will be rewarded with a singularly original, beautiful, touching, interesting, and even improving story. It is coloured American, and that is what accounts for the striking originality from the English point of view; the habits, manners, customs, and even language are very different from what we meet with on this side of the Atlantic, and indeed, in some respects, would be impossible here. The author's social flight is not high; his tale is very homely and simple; and it is extremely seldom that he launches out into any sort of literary display: but it is probably his very homeliness and simplicity which "fetch" that multitudinous class of readers whereof he seems to have gained—most deservedly—the heart as well as the ear. He wisely avoids the mistake of writing "above the reader's head," of letting off a lot of literary fireworks, epigrammatic crackers, and so on, which dazzle and astound and bewilder for the moment, but leave no lasting impression, beyond a sensation of headache, and do not excite an inclination to "ask for more." The author's object is evidently to teach sound practical Christian doctrine, without an iota of goody-goodness—and perhaps he is successful. Unfortunately, however, he holds out treasure on earth by way of bait, material prosperity as the likely result of following his precepts and the example of his hero and heroine, so that one can hardly help recalling to mind what was said by Satan upon a memorable occasion: "Doth Job serve God for naught?" What is rather wanted in such a world as this is the picture of a good man or woman struggling with adversity from the cradle to the grave without hope or at any rate without fruit of earthly reward, with faith nevertheless unshaken, with courage unimpaired, with the honest conviction that the patient bearing of the daily load, seldom lightened if not continually augmented, is but the discharge of a duty, and neither merits nor obtains any mundane recompense beyond the stipulated "penny." But flesh is weak, and such a picture as this might lead to desperation rather than to encouragement; and we gladly accept, by way of compromise, the useful lessons conveyed in so admirable a story as "*He Fell in Love with His Wife*." Nobody who reads it in a sympathetic spirit will be surprised to learn that of the author's works "there have been sold, in England and the United States, nearly one million volumes."

Lovers of what is wild and romantic, with an intermixture of what is noble and pathetic, will derive considerable satisfaction, no doubt, from *Irène*: by the Princess Olga Canta-cuzène-Altieri (Frederick Warne and Co.), which is very readable and, so far as a judgment can be pronounced in the absence of the original, excellently rendered in "the translation by J. E. Simpson." There is not much substance in it; but what there is may be commended for graceful treatment and pretty colouring. In it Greek meets Greek, literally; there is a tug of war (a war of wits); and a noble gentleman, cast in the mould of Don Juan, is lucky enough to be out-

witted and forced into marriage with an Athenian beauty (understood to be the daughter of a Greek pilot, the descendant of princes) towards whom he had cherished anything but strictly honourable intentions, and whom he had inveigled aboard of his yacht, and, in point of fact, abducted in bold, corsair-like fashion. She is utterly in love with him, and he gradually finds himself more utterly (if that be possible) in love with her, just as his conduct, his outrageous profligacy and neglect of her, has almost entirely alienated her affections, and just as a sentimental artist has caused her to take a deep interest in him, and has taught her to become dangerously absorbed in the beautiful and artistic. The husband, not unnaturally, becomes extremely jealous; and, under the influence of his jealousy, condescends to the meanness of a systematic espionage, whereof the upshot astonishes him a great deal more, undoubtedly, than it will astonish the reader.

Clever enough and to spare is *The Old Order Changes*: by W. H. Mallock (Richard Bentley and Son); and a great many readers care for little but sheer cleverness. Of story, however, there is very little indeed; and lovers of the ordinary or extraordinary romantic novel are likely to be dissatisfied with the entertainment afforded by the book, and to pull as long a face as would be pulled by a man who, having asked for bread, should be offered a stone, or, having expected cod and oyster-sauce, should be put off with a serpent and appropriate "trimmings." The novel, in fact, consists, for the most part, of arguments and discussions concerning social democracy and kindred subjects. A very interesting theme, no doubt, and treated certainly with a notable display of talent, whether on the part of the author himself, or of his characters, who, after all, are but personages for whom he not only acts as Mercurius, or chief speaker, but as their mental Whiteley, or "universal provider" of thoughts, theories, and sentiments, so that he can represent them or misrepresent them, propound in their name whatever he pleases, reduce them to absurdity, and triumphantly overwhelm them with confusion. Not that there is a total absence of the sort of scenes which experience has taught one to expect in the romantic tale; there is plenty of love-making of superior quality and of an interesting kind, there are many picturesque descriptions, and there are several tantalising situations which pique curiosity in no small degree. The literary style, moreover, is considerably above the average; but that may or may not be a consideration with the class of persons to whom the sensational, melodramatic, thrilling novel, devoid of any object beyond temporary excitement or amusement, is as the breath of their nostrils.

A master of the art which can compel people who begin to read to go on until they have finished is revealed in *The Evil Genius*: by Wilkie Collins (Chatto and Windus); and yet it is doubtful whether more than one out of ten readers will adopt the author's views about what is a good and proper subject for a novelist to take up in order to attack a certain institution, about what is humorous, about what is natural, about what is probable, about what is profitable, about what is edifying. For it is possible to be amusing without being humorous; and most amusing the author is in the character of the unscrupulous stepmother, with her outrageous sentiments and grotesque expressions. Pathetic

and dramatic the author is to a noticeable extent; and he altogether has a gift of story-telling which compels all creatures to his will. For a long time past it has been his custom to use his novel as a means of attacking some legal or other procedure or practice which he is pleased to regard with disapproval. On this occasion he takes his pen in hand to run a tilt against Scottish divorce; and perhaps he pierces right through all its armour. He does not appear to have much cause of quarrel with the English law of divorce; but the question is whether more harm than good may not be done by keeping such subjects constantly before the novel-reading public's mind. The story certainly places a husband and wife and their grateful but too impulsive governess in a very awkward position; yet most readers will agree that—even when the wife witnesses a very suspicious tête-à-tête between her husband and the young lady who is (or ought to be) "engaged in tuition," and indignantly invites the dumb-founded instructress to "take him and welcome" (or something to that effect)—the breach is not irreparable, explanation (more or less lame, of course) is still possible; "redintegratio amoris" is not utterly hopeless, and there is most decidedly no need for an elopement and its consequences, leading to the Scottish divorce. The plot, in fact, seems to have a flaw in it. One is haunted, moreover, by an unpleasant misgiving lest the author may be desiring to convince his readers that a little reasonable latitude should be allowed to husbands in the matter of conjugal infidelity. Than this, polygamy were surely better doctrine.

Mr. Benjamin Garrod, chairman of the Holborn Board of Guardians, on the 21st inst. formally opened the new workhouse of the union, built upon six acres of land, at Merton-lane, Mitcham, Surrey, and designed to accommodate 1000 able-bodied paupers.

A farewell banquet was given on the 21st inst. at the St. George's Club, Hanover-square, to Mr. C. N. Warton, on his appointment to the post of Attorney-General of Western Australia. The Hon. Malcolm Fraser, C.M.G., Colonial Secretary for Western Australia, presided, and amongst those present were Mr. Baden Powell, M.P., Mr. Stephen Mason, M.P., the Hon. R. Pharazyn, and Colonel Knollys.

At a meeting of the Glasgow Town Council on the 21st inst., Bailie Dickson intimated that only a few leading citizens had been approached on the subject of the fund for the Glasgow Industrial Exhibition two years hence, and they alone subscribed £21,000. Several firms have promised sums amounting to £7000, and these with the subscription from the Corporation of £5000, make a total of £33,000. One citizen gave £2000. The Exhibition promises to be a financial and industrial success.

General Wray, Governor of Jersey, last week, in the presence of a large assemblage, presented a gold medal, awarded by the British Government, to Captain Landgren, master of the French vessel Tombolo, who rescued Miss Louisa Journeaux, the heroine of the boating adventure of April last, after she had been drifting alone in a skiff for two nights and a day. The Mayor of St. Heliers also presented Captain Landgren with a massive silver inkstand on behalf of the inhabitants of Jersey.

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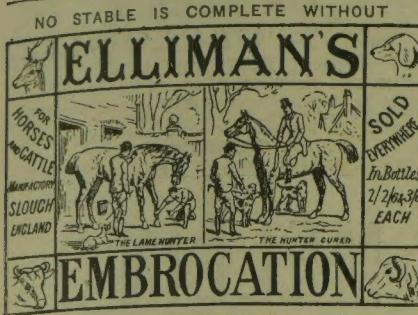
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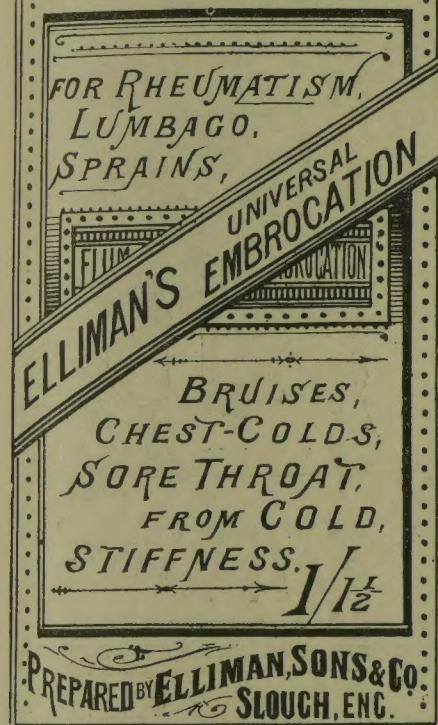
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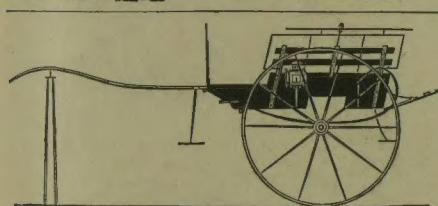
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The Mexican Hair Renewer, Price 3s. 6d. Directions in German, French, and Spanish.

The Mexican Hair Renewer

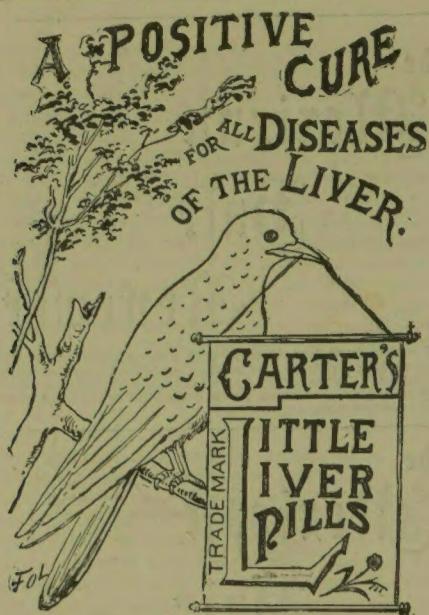
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